

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXLIX.—NO. 18.

NEWPORT, R. I., OCTOBER 13, 1906.

WEEKLY NUMBER 8,347.

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TOWN, No. 18, Knights of Macdonalds—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Randall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAGON, No. 879, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacLellan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 1, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. O'Hanlon, Master; William P. Perry, D. W. Lawrence, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALONE LODGE, No. 35, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Champlin, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William R. Langley; Sir Knight J. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAY McLEOD, No. 18—James Graham, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Damage by Lightning.

Newport was visited by a heavy electrical storm Tuesday evening, which reminded the residents very forcibly of the storm which did so much damage last August. The rain fell in torrents from about sunset until the following morning, washing the macadamized roads very badly. Following soon after previous heavy rains which had already done much to weaken the binding there was more than the ordinary amount of damage done. Sand and gravel washed down the hillsides onto the street railway tracks and filled the street cars were considerably delayed in consequence.

The electrical display was very brilliant and the thunder followed close after the flash. The lightning continued for several hours but it was at its worst about eleven o'clock when a bolt struck the house of Officer Isaac J. Barker on Van Zandt avenue, visiting many rooms in the house and doing considerable damage. The house was not set on fire and no one was injured.

There were several social gatherings in different parts of the city that evening and those who had occasion to be out during the height of the storm were pretty thoroughly drenched. On account of the lightning many telephones could not be used, so calls could not be ordered. A number of telephones were put out of business temporarily by burning out of fuses and the company's men were busy the next day replacing them.

The body of a man in a badly decomposed condition was found in a shed off Slocom street Friday morning. He had apparently been dead from three to four weeks. The body was identified as that of a man known as Joseph Ferguson, 74 years of age, who had been missing for about three weeks. In September he stopped at the Police Station one night as a lodger, since which time he had not been seen around. He had lived in Newport some twelve years and was supposed to have some relatives in Providence but the police were unable to locate them yesterday.

Thirty years ago next Monday Newport presented a very wintery appearance. The thermometer registered 23 degrees above zero and it snowed nearly all day. Ninety years ago was what was known throughout New England as "scarce year." There was frost every month and farmers had to go many miles from home to secure seed for planting.

The New Hotel.

There is an exhibition in the window of the Mercury Office a finely colored drawing of the new hotel which is to be built in this city. The plans have been drawn by Architect E. P. Whitman of Boston, who designed the Bruguere residence on Coddington Point. The picture has attracted much attention and all have expressed the hope that it may be built.

Mr. William Shepley and Mr. J. K. Sullivan are behind this movement to secure a new hotel and are confident that it will be built. As yet they have not attempted to secure subscriptions but have been earnestly talking the matter up among the men who can afford to invest something in the enterprise and have already received many promises of support. It is hoped to secure the James Gordon Bennett site on Bellevue avenue and when this matter is decided work will be begun in earnest in securing subscriptions for stock.

The architect's plans show a very handsome structure, to be built of concrete finished to resemble marble. The building will be 167 feet by 204 feet and will stand back on the grounds about 60 feet, both on the Bellevue avenue and William street sides. It will be four stories in height and will contain 250 rooms, many of which will be arranged en suite and connected with bath.

The main entrance will be on Bellevue avenue and to the right of this will be the dining room facing on the two streets. Parlors, reception rooms, writing rooms, etc., will be on the left. There will be a large courtyard in the rear so that there will be no necessity for inside sleeping rooms in the hotel. Connecting with the William street entrance will be the cafe, billiard room, Turkish baths, etc.

A prospectus will be issued soon, containing an estimate of the expense, details of the plans, etc., so that the public can know exactly what they are offered in the way of a first class summer hotel, big enough to care for a large number of people and still less expensive than the million dollar structure that was proposed some time ago. When the hotel is built everything will be first class in every respect and a thorough hotel man will be procured to run it in a manner that will appeal to those who are accustomed to the best.

Drug Store Fire.

Shortly after two o'clock Tuesday morning there was a still alarm sent in, closely followed by Box 31, for a fire in the basement of Powell's drug store on Thames street. Smoke was seen to be issuing from the building and when the chemical company responded they found more of a fire than they cared to handle alone. When the water was turned on the fire was quickly extinguished but not until after the building had been filled with smoke. The loss was covered by insurance.

This is the second time in a little over a year that a fire has been discovered in the same place. The first fire was more destructive than the second, considerable of the contents of the store being damaged.

There was a meeting of the Citizens' Municipal Association on Monday evening, at which the list of candidates for members of the board of aldermen under the new charter, as prepared by the executive committee, was approved. The list comprises the following: First ward, Hudson B. Klingman; second ward, Peter King; third ward, John C. Burke; fourth ward, James B. Cottrell. The organization now has under consideration the question of candidates for mayor and members of the representative council, and will announce them later.

Nomination papers are being extensively signed for Mayor Robert C. Cottrell for re-election as mayor of this city. It requires two hundred and fifty signatures to make the nomination valid. More than that number of signatures have already been obtained. It is understood that Col. William P. Clarke will be his opponent. It looks now as though the candidates for office under the present Charter would be very numerous.

The Newport Artillery Company attended divine service at Emmanuel Church last Sunday evening when Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., chaplain of the company, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

Miss Bridget Maria Kelly and Mr. Dennis Joseph Curran were married at St. Joseph's Church Wednesday morning, Rev. Father Smith officiating.

Lady Herbert, who has been visiting relatives in this city during the summer, is guest of her brother, Mr. R. T. Wilson, Jr., in New York.

Master Darragh Briggs, who has been confined to his home on Tourco street by illness, is slowly improving.

Superior Court.

The second and last week of the October session of the Superior Court for Newport County began on Monday, and there was found rather more to keep the court bus than during the opening week.

On Monday the criminal docket was in order, Assistant Attorney General Greenough representing the State. Anne Romansky pleaded nolo to the indictment charging assault with a dangerous weapon and the case was continued, defendant to pay costs. Anton Palo pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and was sentenced to four months in jail. George Briggs was sentenced to nine months in jail for larceny of hens in Tiverton.

There was a long trial of a trivial case, State vs. Thomas McCann, charging the larceny of a \$10 bill from Catherine O'Brien. A jury was empaneled with Charles Ball of New Shoreham as foreman and the case lasted all day, and a part of Tuesday. The verdict was not guilty.

State vs. Stephen D. Gaines was tried by a jury of which Nathaniel B. Church of Tiverton was foreman. This was a Jamestown case, the charge being that Gaines failed to assist an officer in making an arrest when called upon to do so. The evidence in the case was voluminous. The jury at first reported a disagreement but later found the defendant guilty.

Tuesday afternoon the case of Catherine E. Harrington vs. Mary L. Smith et al. was put on, William H. Butler of Portsmouth being foreman of the jury of eleven men. This case was brought by Mrs. Harrington to recover damages for the death of her husband who was killed by a falling run while engaged in unloading a barge of coal at Bowen's coal yard. The defendants are named as the owners of the property. W. P. O'Donnell and L. A. Waterman appeared for plaintiff and W. P. Sheffield and Max Levy for defendant.

The first witnesses were two mechanical engineers, one testifying for the plaintiff and the other for the defendant. As is frequently the case with expert testimony their opinions were considerably at variance regarding the safety of the chain which caused the fatality.

Wednesday morning the jury was taken for a view of the premises. Upon their return the trial was resumed. Fellow workmen told of the breaking of the chain that supported the run. Three men were working on it at the time. One clung to the rigging out the other two were thrown to the deck of the barge, Harrington landing in the hold and being taken out unconscious. He died three days later. Another expert was called by the plaintiff to testify regarding the chain.

For the defence Captain James H. McMahon testified that in his long experience in unloading coal most of the places where he lands are equipped with chains like that in question, some of them being apparently of lighter construction.

The Harrington-Smith case lasted nearly all day Thursday, not being given to the jury until after four o'clock in the afternoon. There was a lot of testimony regarding the safety or lack of it on the run. After being out about an hour the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of \$8000. It is regarded as probable that an appeal will be taken, a number of exceptions having been noted during the trial.

Late Thursday afternoon the case of Arthur E. Burland vs. the New England Navigation Company was put on, James L. Grey of Little Compton being foreman of the jury. Clark Burdick appeared for plaintiff and Messrs. Sheffield, Jr., Levy, Harvey for the defendant. This is to recover payment for some nickel-plating that plaintiff claims to have done for the company. Plaintiff put in the orders from the company as evidence. The case occupied all of Friday forenoon.

Rev. George Power Merrett died at his home in Morrisania, N. Y., on Monday. He was well known in Newport, having supplied the pulpit of the United Congregational Church in this city on Sunday, September 8th. He was a personal friend of Rev. Mr. Richards.

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., leave Monday for Boston and at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning sail from Boston on the Saxonian of the Cunard line for Europe.

Miss Charlotte Mahan of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, is visiting her relatives in this city.

Miss Hurlet Newell Kaul and Miss Mabel E. Stacy have returned from the White Mountains.

Mr. John J. Peckham, Jr., has secured a responsible position in New York.

Mr. Howard G. Milne left the past week for a short vacation.

Sergeant Gillen is enjoying his annual vacation.

Primary Meetings.

Republican Ward Caucuses.

The Republican ward caucuses for the election of members of the Republican city committee, delegates to the city convention, and nomination of wardens and clerks were held on Monday evening. There was only one contest, and that was in the first ward where the Hamilton ticket was successful by an overwhelming majority, the vote on most of the names being 169 to 86. The result of the caucuses was as follows:

Members of City Committee.

First Ward—William S. Rogers, Fletcher W. Lawton, Robert P. Hamilton, Armistead Hurley, William H. Carr.

Second Ward—William G. Landers, William H. Jackson, George W. Ritchie, Benjamin F. Tanner, Robert Frame.

Third Ward—Harwood E. Read, Herbert Bliss, George N. Buckhout, Edward A. Sherman, M. Alonzo Van Horne.

Fourth Ward—William F. Adams, Robert Gash, James W. Johnson, Robert McIntosh, P. P. Stewart Hale.

Fifth Ward—James McLeish, John Mahan, William W. Marvel, Edward E. Taylor, Jr., Andrew S. Melkie.

Delegates to City Convention.

First Ward—Robert Kerr, Joseph B. Pike, Benjamin W. Freeborn, John William Schwartz, Armistead Hurley.

Second Ward—George Norman Weaver, Herbert E. Nason, David B. Allen, Henry J. Hass, Edward S. Peckham.

Third Ward—James H. Barney, Jr., Max Levy, J. Powell Cozzens, J. K. Douglass, Dr. Frank R. Warden.

Fourth Ward—Joseph Barrett, Andrew Johnson, Robert Holland, William F. Robinson, William F. Adams.

Fifth Ward—James McLeish, John Mahan, James Brown, Andrew S. Melkie, John T. Allan.

Wardens and Clerks.

First Ward—Warden, Joseph B. Lawton; clerk, Benjamin Lawton.

Second Ward—Warden, Allen G. Goddard; clerk, Robert C. Ebbs.

Third Ward—Warden, Charles F. Harrington; clerk, N. T. Hodson.

Fourth Ward—Warden, Charles Goddard; clerk, Frank Barlow.

Republican City Convention.

The Republican city convention was held on Tuesday evening in the Court House. Everything was quiet and harmonious. The present delegation to the General Assembly were unanimously re-nominated and they were instructed to use their every effort to secure the re-election of Senator Wetmore.

The convention was called to order by Chairman Read of the city committee, and John Mahan was elected temporary chairman and J. Powell Cozzens temporary secretary. After the presentation of credentials and the filling of vacancies the temporary organization was made permanent. Convention delegates were then elected as follows:

State Convention.

First Ward—Robert Kerr, Frank P. Gidding, Armistead Hurley.

Second Ward—Andrew K. McMahon, Harold A. Peckham, C. F. D. Fayerweather.

Third Ward—Frank R. Warden, Eugene Schieler, M. A. Van Horne.

Fourth Ward—William F. Adams, Robert S. Gash, William F. Robinson.

Fifth Ward—James McLeish, John T. Allan, Edward S. Rawson.

Congressional Convention.

First Ward—Robert C. Bacheller, William Matthews, Albert G. Groff.

Second Ward—David B. Allen, Arthur E. Burland, Charles S. Landers.

Third Ward—Harwood E. Read, Marco A. Russo, James K. Douglass.

Fourth Ward—Joseph Barrett, William F. Adams, Andrew Johnson.

Fifth Ward—William W. Marvel, A. Livingston Mison, Benjamin M. Anthony.

For member of the Republican State Central Committee William G. Landers was unanimously elected.

The present members of the General Assembly were unanimously re-nominated as follows:

For Senator—John P. Sanborn.

For First Representative—Horace N. Hassard.

For Second Representative—Robert S. Burlingame.

For Third Representative—Robert S. Franklin.

For Fourth Representative—Clark Burdick.

Recent Deaths.

William H. Mathewson.

Mr. William H. Mathewson died on Sunday at the residence of his son at the advanced age of eighty-three years. He was one of the old-time Newporters who had lived a life full of experience and adventure and was ever ready to entertain his friends with his tales of many lands. He had made several voyages around the world, being engaged as a whaler in his younger days.

During the Civil War he served for a time in Company G, Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers, and was later transferred to the navy. He was a member of Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening when considerable business was transacted. A new school in the eighth grade was authorized for the Townsend Industrial Building, and the resolutions for the evening schools were adopted.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following:

The total enrollment for the three weeks ending September 28 was 3,511, the average number belonging 3,359.9; the average attendance 3,241, the percent of attendance 95.6, the cases of tardiness 209, and the cases of dismissal 89. There are 14 rooms with an enrollment of 50 or more pupils.

The office has issued 261 permits. The kindergarten and grade I have enrolled 267 of the 381 children.

To the girls of St. Mary's parochial school 11 permits have been issued for cooking; to the girls of St. Joseph's parochial school 27 permits for cooking, 50 permits for sewing, and 17 permits for both cooking and sewing have been issued. Eleven permits for staid have been issued to the boys of St. Joseph's School.

The Board of Health has reported eight cases of diphtheria since the opening of school. These cases have excluded 24 pupils from their classes.

Last June, after careful averages had been made in consultation with the teachers of grades IV-VII in the southern part of the city, it seemed probable that these grades would number in the Carey, Lenthal and Coddington districts 640 pupils. The September enrollment shows 650, a surprisingly close agreement. Therefore the action of the board in opening the Thayer School is shown to be wise. Even now seven of the eleven rooms relieved by the Thayer have more than 45 pupils, and four more than 50. In the Thayer there are a sufficient number of old adjustable desks to furnish three rooms and chairs for two and one-half rooms; therefore the expense for new furniture has not been large. It has been necessary, however, to provide the teachers' outfit, viz.: desks, books, globes, maps, etc.

Besides these and the furniture for a room, the additional cost to this department for the present financial year will be the salary of the janitor, the fuel, and about half of the salaries for teachers. The remaining half will be met by a saving in pay of assistants in the rooms reduced in numbers. It is evident that this department will sorely need the \$2,053.44, which amount was cut out of its budget by the City Council last January. The City has today 44 pupils in VII, 82 in VI, 31 in V, and 92 in IV.

In the four rooms of grade VIII are 227 pupils. This number is 33 more than the proper seating capacity of the four rooms, and it is 14 more than their limits when they are crowded to excess. If these 227 pupils were seated in five rooms, the average number per room would be 45; therefore it is evident that some provision should be made at once for the overflow. In the Townsend Industrial School is an excellent room ready for instant use, and better still, it is so situated that it will relieve the congestion in all of the rooms. Action is recommended this evening.

The expenditures of this department to the end of the third quarter were as follows: Committee on finance, \$17,209.96; committee on teachers, \$58,245.88; committee on text-books and supplies, \$4,834.82; committee on buildings, \$9,821.30; total \$89,811.96; balance in treasury at date, \$24,043.44.

The report of Trust Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 384; number out for illness and other causes, 324; number of cases of truancy (public), 50; parochial, 10; 60; number of different children truants, 52; number found not attending school, 44; number sent to public schools, 19; number sent to parochial schools, 10; number of certificates issued, 15.

On September 8, 1906, a boy ten years old, who could not be taught in the public schools, was placed at the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-Minded at Waverly, through the State Board of Education.

During the past months at various times proof sufficient was found by your trust officer for prosecution of two dealers for selling and one man for delivering cigarettes to boys under 16 years of age. All three were arraigned, pleaded guilty, and were fined. Two boys were also arraigned for smoking cigarettes, pleaded guilty, and were fined \$2 each.

On September 29 a boy was arrested for habitual truancy. He pleaded guilty and was placed on probation.

October 3 a boy who was an habitual truant was placed at a reformatory boarding school in Boston, arrangements having been made with his mother. I recommend the prosecution of Francis Winters, 93 Wellington avenue, for not attending school according to law.

After an executive session to consider the report of the committee on teachers, it was voted to open a new room for Grade VIII in the Townsend Industrial Building, Miss E. C. Mackie being transferred to that room at a salary of \$620, her place in the Clarke School being filled by the transfer of Miss E. A. Eddy at a salary of \$440, and Miss B. A. Cowles being elected to Grade IV in the Thayer school at a salary of \$400. The superintendent was given authority to make the necessary transfers to the new room of Grade VIII.

Two new text books were adopted for use in the schools. The committee on buildings was empowered to use the \$927.59 transferred to the committee by the city council to keep the water out of the Rogers High School. A communication from the janitor of the Coddington School, asking for an as-

sistant, was referred to the committee on buildings; also a communication from Headmaster Thompson of the Rogers High School in regard to the uselessness of the signal telephones.

The resolutions for the evening schools were adopted as follows:

Resolved, that on Monday evening, October 22, 1906, evening schools for men and women shall be opened for 20 weeks to be divided as follows: The first term of nine weeks closing December 21, 1906, and the second term of eleven weeks beginning Monday, December 31, 1906, and closing Friday, March 15, 1907, unless the attendance shall so fall off as to justify, in the opinion of the committee on evening schools, an earlier closing of said schools.

Resolved, That the elementary schools shall be in session on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week and that the following teachers be employed as needed, in order given: Harry Alger, Jeannette H. Swasey, Mary L. Brayton, Mary A. E. Adams, Lillian J. Trager and Elizabeth B. Peckham, and that they receive \$5 per week, with the exception of Mr. Alger and Miss Swasey—Mr. Alger to receive \$8 per week and Miss Swasey \$6 per week.

Resolved, That on Mondays and Fridays classes for mechanical drawing and double entry bookkeeping shall be in session, that Dudley E. Campbell shall be the teacher of the mechanical drawing at \$3 per evening, and that William S. Brownell shall be the teacher of bookkeeping at \$3 per evening.

Resolved, That a class in cooking in charge of Mary G. Buckley shall be opened on Monday, October 22, to continue on successive Monday evenings.

Resolved, That a class in freehand drawing in charge of Lulu Z. Roderick shall be opened on Wednesday evening, October 24, to continue on successive Wednesday evenings, at \$3 per evening.

Resolved, That a class in stenography and typewriting shall be opened on Wednesday evening, October 24, in charge of Grace M. Counihan, to continue on successive Wednesday evenings, at \$3 per evening.

Resolved, That the tuition for non-residents for any of these classes shall be \$2 per year.

Resolved, That all of the above evening classes shall be held in Townsend Industrial School.

Resolved, That all of these classes shall be in session from 7.30 to 9.30 p. m.

Public Convenience.

Work has been begun by Contractor Morgan on the public comfort station on the Mall under the direction of the Park Commission. The specifications call for its completion five weeks after the signing of the contract. The plans were drawn by Architect W. G. Kerr.

The structure will be located directly under the band stand on the Mall. There will be two entrances, one to the women's room and the other to the men's. Each will be down an easy flight of steps. The structure will be attractive in appearance, the exterior being of pressed brick with granite window sills, and the interior faced with enameled brick.

There will be ample toilet accommodation, all plumbing being of modern style. P. J. Murphy & Co. are the contractors for this part of the work. The lighting will be by electricity.

Newport has long felt the need of public comfort stations, especially during the summer months, and this first one will go a long way toward filling the demand. Undoubtedly there will be others built in the future, after the first has demonstrated its value. Credit is due to Chairman Shepley and the other members of the park commission for their persistent efforts to secure this important building.

The Republican caucus in the town of Jamestown will be held on Saturday. It is understood that the Gov. following will try to nominate a ticket for the Legislature in opposition to the regular nominees.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Nason and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whitney left Wednesday morning on the excursion trip over the Boston & Albany road.

Chaplain William G. Cassard, U. S. N., reports for duty at the Train Station next week.

Commodore and Mrs. Cornelius Van derbilt and family are at Tuxedo for the fall months.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mr. LeRoy King and others, for the summer season of 1907, store No. 208 1/2 King's Block, Bellevue avenue, to Bragg and LeRoy, French modistes of New York City.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold the "Franklin" estate on Rhode Island avenue corner of Champlin street, and the adjoining estate known as the "Arnold" estate on Rhode Island avenue, the former consisting of 16,808 square feet of land, house and stable; the latter consisting of 31,049 square feet of land, house and stable; all to Fitzhugh Whitehouse, of Eastbourne Lodge, the castellated villa at the end of K. street. This large sale shows that Mr. Whitehouse still believes in Newport real estate holdings here. The "Hill" district will feel the benefit of this transaction.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented to lower half of the house No. 29 Edward street belonging to Antoine Peters and Antoine V. Ferreol.

The Holladay Case

A Mystery
Of Two
Continents

By
BURTON E.
STEVENSON

Copyright, 1903, by
Henry Holt and
Company

CHAPTER III.

FROM the breathless silence that followed her answer she saw that she had somehow dealt her mistress a heavy blow, and the sob burst out beyond control, choking her. I could see how my chief's face turned livid. He had driven another rivet in the chain—just the one it needed to hold it firmly together. My head was whirling. Could it be possible, after all, that this gentle, cultured girl was really such a fiend at heart that she could strike down—I put the thought from me. It was monstrous, unbelievable!

The coroner and the district attorney were whispering together, and I saw the former glance from the blood stained handkerchief on the desk before him to the sobbing woman on the stand. It needed only that—her identification of that square of cambric—to complete the evidence. He hesitated a moment, said another word or two to Singleton, then straightened up again in his chair. Perhaps he thought the chain was strong enough; perhaps he saw only that the witness was in no condition to go on.

"Anything further, Mr. Royce?" he asked.

"Not at present, sir," answered our junior counsel. "I think he was just beginning fully to realize how desperate our case was."

"We will dismiss the witness, then, temporarily," said the coroner. "We shall probably recall her later on."

The man was it, back to the witness room on the verge of hysteria, and Goldberg looked over the papers on his desk.

"We have one more witness," he said at last. "Miss Holladay's coachman, and perhaps a little testimony in rebuttal. If you wish to adjourn for lunch, Mr. Royce, I'm quite ready to do so."

"Thank you, sir," said my chief, welcoming an opportunity to pull himself together and prepare a plan of defense. "I do wish it."

"Very well, then. We'll adjourn till 2 o'clock," and he pushed back his chair.

"May I have one word with you, sir?" asked Mr. Royce.

"Certainly."

"I should like to see Miss Holladay a few moments in private. We wish, of course, to arrange our rebuttal."

The coroner looked at him for a moment with eyes in which just a tinge of curiosity flickered.

"I'll be very glad to allow you to see her in private," he answered readily.

"I regret greatly that we couldn't find you last night, so that you could have opportunity to prepare for this hearing. I feel that in a way we haven't been quite fair to you, though I don't see how delay could have altered matters, and in a case of this kind prompt action is important. I had no intention of placing Miss Holladay on the witness stand, so I thought it best to proceed at once with the inquest. You must admit, sir, that as the case stands there's only one course open to me."

"I fear so," assented the other sadly. "It's a most incomprehensible case. The chain of evidence seems absolutely complete, and yet I'm convinced—as every sane man must be—that there is in it some fatal flaw, which, once discovered, will send the whole structure tottering. It must be my business to find that flaw."

"Strange things happen in this world, Mr. Royce," observed Singleton, with a philosophy born of experience.

"The impossible never happens, sir!" retorted our junior. "I hope to show you that this belongs in that category."

"Well, I hope you will," said the district attorney. "I'd be glad to find that some one else is guilty."

"I'll do my best." And Mr. Royce turned to me. "Lester, you'd better go and get some lunch. You look quite done up."

"Shall I bring you something?" I asked. "Or, better still, have a meal ready for you in half an hour? Rotin's is just around the corner."

He would have refused, I think, had not the coroner interfered.

"You'd better go, Mr. Royce," he said. "You're looking done up yourself. Perhaps you can persuade Miss Holladay to eat something. I'm sure she needs it."

"Very well, then. Have two meals ready in half an hour, Lester," he said. "and a lunch we can bring back with us. I'll go to Miss Holladay now and then go direct to Rotin's."

He hurried away after the coroner, and I walked slowly over to Rotin's to give the necessary orders. I chose a table in a snug corner, picked up a paper and tried to read. Its one great item of news was the Holladay case, and I grew hot with anger as I saw how unquestioningly, how complacently it accepted the theory of the daughter's guilt. Still, I asked myself, was it to blame? Was any one to blame for thinking her guilty after hearing the evidence? How could one escape it? Why, even I—

Preposterous! I tried to reason calmly; to find an opening in the net, yet how complete it was! The only point we had gained so far was that the mysterious visitor had asked for Mr. Holladay, not for her father, and what an infinitesimal point it was! Supposing there had been a quarrel, an estrangement, would not she naturally have used those very words? After all, did not the black eyes, the full lips, the deep colored cheeks bespeak a strong and virile temperament, depth of emotion, capacity for swift and violent anger? But what cause could there be for a quarrel so bitter, so fierce, that it should lead to such a tragedy? What cause? And then suddenly a wave of light broke in upon

me. There could be only one, but there could be one! Capacity for emotion meant capacity for passion. If she had a lover, if she had clung to him despite her father! I knew his reputation for severity, for cold and relentless condemnation. Here was an explanation, certainly!

And then I shook myself together angrily. Here was I reasoning along the theory of her guilt, trying to find a motive for it! I remembered her as I had seen her often, driving with her father; I recalled the many stories I had heard of their devotion; I reflected how her whole life, so far as I knew it, pointed to a nature singularly calm and self-controlled, charitable and loving. As to the lover theory, did not the light in her eyes which had greeted our junior disprove that at once and forever? Certainly, there was some fatal flaw in the evidence, and it was for us to find it.

I leaned my head back against the wall with a little sigh of relief. What a fool I had been! Of course we should find it. Mr. Royce had spoken the words; the district attorney had pointed out the way. We had only to prove an alibi, and the next witness would do it. Her coachman had only to tell where he had driven her, at what place she had stopped, and the whole question would be settled. At the hour the crime was committed she had doubtless been miles away from Wall street, so the question would be settled—settled, too, without the necessity of Miss Holladay undergoing the unpleasant ordeal of cross examination.

"It is a most extraordinary affair," said a voice at my elbow, and I turned with a start to see that the chair just behind me had been taken by a man who was also reading an account of the crime. He laid the paper down and caught my eye. "A most extraordinary affair!" he repeated, appealing to me.

I nodded, merely glancing at him, too preoccupied to notice him closely. I got an impression of a florid face, of a stout, well-dressed body, of an air unmistakably French.

"You will pardon me, sir," he added, leaning a little forward. "As a stranger in this country, I am much interested in your processes of law. This morning I was present at the trial. I perceived you there. It seemed to me that the young lady was in what you call a tight place."

He spoke English very well, with an accent of the slightest. I glanced at him again and saw that his eyes were very bright and that they were fixed upon me intently.

"It does seem so," I admitted, loath to talk, yet not wishing to be discourteous.

"The very thing I said to myself!" he continued eagerly. "The—what you call—co-evidence of the dress now."

I did not answer. I was in no humor to discuss the case.

"You will pardon me," he repeated persuasively, still leaning forward, "but concerning one point I should like much to know. If she is thought guilty what will occur?"

"She will be bound over to the grand jury," I explained.

"That is, she will be placed in prison?"

"Of course."

"But, as I understand your law, she may be released by bondsmen."

"Not in a capital case," I said; "not in a case of this kind, where the penalty may be death."

"Ah, I see," and he nodded slowly. "She would then not be again released until after she shall have been proved innocent. How great a time would that occupy?"

"I can't say—six months—a year, perhaps."

"Ah, I see," he said again, and drained a glass of absinth he had been toying with. "Thank you, very much, sir."

He arose and went slowly out, and I noted the strength of his figure, the short neck—

The waiter came with bread and butter, and I realized suddenly that it was long past the half hour. Indeed, a glance at my watch showed me that nearly an hour had gone. I waited fifteen minutes longer, ate what I could, and, taking a box lunch under my arm, hurried back to the coroner's office. As I entered I saw a bowed figure sitting at the table, and my heart fell as I recognized our junior. His whole attitude expressed a despair absolute, past redemption.

"I've brought your lunch, Mr. Royce," I said, with what lightness I could muster. "The proceedings will commence in half an hour. You'd better eat something," and I opened the box.

He looked at it for a moment, and then began mechanically to eat.

"You look regularly done up," I ventured. "Wouldn't I better get you a glass of brandy? That'll tone you up."

"All right," he assented listlessly, and I hurried away on the errand.

The brandy brought a little color back to his cheeks, and he began to eat with more interest.

"Must I order lunch for Miss Holladay?" I questioned.

"No," he said. "She said she didn't wish any."

He relaxed again into silence. Plainly he had received some new blow during my absence.

"After all," I began, "you know we've only to prove an alibi to knock to pieces this whole house of cards."

"Yes, that's all," he agreed. "But suppose we can't do it, Lester?"

"Can't do it?" I faltered. "Do you mean?"

"I mean that Miss Holladay positively refuses to say where she spent yesterday afternoon."

"Does she understand the—the ne-

cessity?" I asked.

"I pointed it out to her as clearly as I could. I'm all at sea, Lester."

Well, if even he was beginning to doubt, matters were indeed serious!

"It's incomprehensible!" I sighed, after a moment's confused thought.

"Yes—past believing."

"But the coachman—"

"The coachman's evidence, I fear, won't help us much—rather the reverse."

I actually gasped for breath. I felt like a drowning man from whose grasp the saving rope had suddenly, unaccountably, been snatched.

"In that case?"—I began and stopped.

"Well, in that case?"

"We must find some other way out," I concluded humbly.

"Is there another way, Lester?" he demanded, wheeling round upon me fiercely. "Is there another way? If there is I wish you'd show it to me!"

"There must be!" I protested desperately, striving to convince myself. "There must be. Only, I fear, it will take some little time to find."

"And meanwhile Miss Holladay will be remanded! Think what that will mean to her, Lester!"

I had thought. I was desperate as he, but to find the flaw, the weak spot in the chain, required, I felt, a better brain than mine. I was lost in a whirlwind of perplexities.

"Well, we must do our best," he went on more calmly after a moment. "I haven't lost hope yet—chance often discovers these things. Besides, at worst I think Miss Holladay will change her mind. Whatever her secret, it were better to reveal it than to spend a single hour in the Tombs. She simply must change her mind! And thanks, Lester, for your thoughtfulness. You have put new life into me."

I cleared away the debris of the lunch, and a few moments later the

room began to fill again. At last the coroner and district attorney came in together, and the former rapped for order.

"The inquest will continue," he said, "with the examination of John Brooks, Miss Holladay's coachman."

I can give his evidence in few words. His mistress had driven directly down the avenue to Washington square.

There she had left the carriage, bidding him wait for her, and had continued southward into the squalid French quarter. He had lost sight of her in a moment and had driven slowly about for more than two hours before she reappeared. She had ordered him to drive home as rapidly as he could, and he had not stopped until he reached the house. Her gown? Yes, he had noticed that it was a dark red. He had not seen her face, for it was veiled. No, he had never before driven her to that locality.

Quaking at heart, I realized that only one person could extricate Frances Holladay from the coil woven about her. If she persisted in silence, there was no hope for her. But that she should still refuse to speak was inconceivable unless—

"That is all" said the coroner. "Will you cross examine the witness, Mr. Royce?"

My chief shook his head silently, and Brooks left the stand.

Again the coroner and Singleton whispered together.

"We will recall Miss Holladay's maid," said the former at last.

She was on the stand again in a moment, calmer than she had been, but deadly pale.

"Are your mistress' handkerchiefs marked in any way?" Goldberg asked as she turned to him.

"Some of them are, yes, sir, with her initials, in the form of a monogram. Most of them are plain."

"Do you recognize this one?" and he handed her the gaudy piece of evidence.

I held my breath while the woman looked it over, turning it with trembling fingers.

"No, sir," she replied emphatically as she returned it to him.

"Does your mistress possess any handkerchiefs that resemble this one?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It's an ordinary cambric handkerchief of good quality, such as most ladies use."

I breathed a long sigh of relief. Here at least fortune favored us.

"That is all. Have you any questions, Mr. Royce?"

Again our junior shook his head.

"That concludes our case," added the coroner. "Have you any witnesses to summon, sir?"

What witnesses could we have? Only one, and I fancied that the jury-men were looking at us expectantly. If our client were indeed innocent, why should we hesitate to put her on the stand, to give her the opportunity to defend herself, to enable her to shatter, in a few words, this chain of circumstances so firmly forged about her? If she were innocent, would she not naturally wish to speak in her own behalf? Did not her very unwillingness to speak argue—

"Ask for a recess," I whispered. "Go

to Miss Holladay and tell her that unless she speaks!"

But before Mr. Royce could answer a policeman pushed his way forward from the rear of the room and handed a note to the coroner.

"A messenger brought this a moment ago, sir," he explained.

The coroner glanced at the superscription and handed it to my chief.

"It's for you, Mr. Royce," he said. "I saw that the address read:

For Mr. Royce,
Attorney for the Defense.

He tore it open and ran his eyes rapidly over the inclosure. He read it through a second time, then held out the paper to me with an expression of the bluntest amazement. The note read:

The man Rogers is lying. The woman who was with Holladay wore a gown of dark green.

CHAPTER IV.

I STARED at the lines in dumb bewilderment. "The man Rogers is lying." But what conceivable motive could he have for lying?

Besides, as I looked at him on the stand, I would have sworn that he was telling the truth, and very much against his will. I had always prided myself upon my judgment of human nature. Had I erred so egregiously in this instance? "The woman who was with Holladay wore a gown of dark green." Who was the writer of the note? How did he know the color of her gown? There was only one possible way he could know—he knew the woman. Plainly, too, he must have been present at the morning hearing. But, if he knew so much, why did he not himself come forward? To this, too, there was but one answer—he must be an accomplice. But then, again, if he were an accomplice, why should he imperil himself by writing this note, for it could very probably be traced? I found myself deeper in the mire, farther from the light, at every step.

"Do you wish to summon any witnesses, Mr. Royce?" asked the coroner again. "I shall be glad to adjourn the hearing until tomorrow if you do."

Mr. Royce roused himself with an effort.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "I may ask you to do that later on. Just at present I wish to recall Mr. Rogers."

"Very well," said the coroner. And Rogers was summoned from the witness room.

I looked at him attentively, trying to fathom his thoughts, to read behind his eyes; but, look as I might, I could see nothing in his face save concern and grief. He had grown gray in Holladay's office, he had proved himself a hundred times a man to be relied on, he had every reason to feel affection and gratitude toward his employer, and I was certain that he felt both. He received a liberal salary, I knew, and was comfortably well to do.

That he himself could have committed the crime or been concerned in it in any way was absolutely unthinkable. Yet why should he lie? Above all, why should he seek to implicate his employer's daughter? Even if he wished to implicate her, how could he have known the color of her gown? What dark, intricate problem was this that confronted us?

In the moment that followed I saw that Mr. Royce was studying him, too; was straining to find a ray of light for guidance. If we failed now—

I read the note through again—"a gown of dark green." And suddenly, by a kind of clairvoyance, the solution of the mystery leaped forth from it. I leaned over to my chief, trembling with eagerness.

"Mr. Royce," I whispered hoarsely, "I believe I've solved the puzzle. Hold Rogers on the stand a few moments until I get back."

He looked up at me astonished, then nodded as I seized my hat and pushed my way through the crowd. Once outside the building, I ran to the nearest dry goods house—three blocks away it was, and what fearfully long blocks they seemed!—then back again to the courtroom. Rogers was still on the stand, but a glance at Mr. Royce told me that he had elicited nothing new.

"You take him, Lester," he said as I sat down beside him. "I'm worn out."

Quivering with apprehension, I arose. It was the first time I had been given the center of the stage in so important a case. Here was my opportunity! Suppose my theory should break down, after all!

"Mr. Rogers," I began, "you've been having some trouble with your eyes, haven't you?"

He looked at me in surprise.

"Why, yes, a little," he said. "Nothing to amount to anything. How did you know?"

"My confidence had come back again I was on the right track then!"

"I did not know," I said, smiling for the first time since I had entered the room, "but I suspected. I have here a number of pieces of cloth of different colors. I should like you to pick out the one that most nearly approximates the color of the gown your visitor wore yesterday afternoon."

I handed him the bundle of samples, and as I did so I saw the district attorney lean forward over his desk with attentive face. The witness looked through the samples slowly, while I watched him with feverish eagerness. Mr. Royce had caught an inkling of my meaning and was watching him too.

"There's nothing here," said Rogers at last, "which seems quite the shade, but this is very near it."

He held up one of the pieces. With leaping heart, I heard the gasp of astonishment which ran around the room. The jury-men were leaning forward in their chairs.

"And what is the color of that piece?" I asked.

"Why, dark red. I've stated that already."

I glanced triumphantly at the coroner.

"Your Honor," I said as calmly as I could, "I think we've found the flaw in the chain. Mr. Rogers is evidently color blind. As you see, the piece he has selected is a dark green."

The whole audience seemed to draw a deep breath and a little clatter of applause ran around the room. I could hear the scratch, scratch of the reporters' pencils. Here was a situation after their hearts' desire! Mr. Royce had

me by the hand and was whispering brokenly in my ear.

"My dear fellow, you're the best of us all. I'll never forget it!"

But Rogers was starting in amazement from me to the cloth in his hand and back again.

"Green!" he stammered. "Color blind! Why, that's nonsense! I've never suspected it!"

"That's probable enough," I assented. "The falling is no doubt a recent one. Most color blind persons don't know it until their sight is tested. Of course we shall have an oculist examine you, but I think this evidence is pretty conclusive."

Coroner Goldberg nodded, and the district attorney settled back in his chair.

"We've no further questions to ask this witness at present," I continued. "Only I'd like you to preserve this piece of cloth, sir," and I handed it to Goldberg. He placed it with the other exhibits on his desk, and I sat down again beside my chief. He had regained all his old time energy and keenness. He seemed another man.

"I should like to recall Miss Holladay's maid, if you please," he said, and the girl was summoned, while Rogers stumbled dazedly off to the witness room.

"You're quite sure your mistress wore a dark red gown yesterday afternoon?" he asked when the girl was on the stand again.

"Oh, yes, sir; quite sure."

"It was not dark green? Think carefully now."

"I don't have to think!" she retorted sharply, with a toss of her head. "Miss Holladay hasn't any dark green gown, nor light one either. She never wears green. She doesn't like it. It doesn't suit her."

"That will do," said Mr. Royce, and the girl went back to the witness room without understanding in the least the meaning of the questions. "Now, let us have the office boy again," he said, and that young worthy was called out.

"You say you didn't see the face of that woman who left your office yesterday afternoon?"

"No, sir."

"But you saw her gown?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And what color was it?"

"Dark green, sir."

"That will do," said our junior, and sank back in his chair with a sigh of relief. The solution had been under our hands in the morning, and we had missed it. Well, we had found it now. "Gentlemen," he added, his voice ringing, his face alight, as he sprang to his feet and faced the jury. "I'm ready for your verdict. I wish only to point out that with this one point the whole case against my client falls to the ground! It was preposterous from the very first!"

He sat down again and glanced at the coroner.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began Goldberg. "I have merely to remind you that your verdict, whatever it may be, will not finally affect this case. The police authorities will continue their investigation in order that the guilty person may not escape. I conceive that it is not within our province to probe this case further—that may be left to able and more experienced hands—nor do I think we should incite any one so long as there is a reasonable doubt of his guilt. We await your verdict."

The jury filed slowly out, and I watched them anxiously. In face of the coroner's instructions, they could bring in but one verdict, yet I knew from experience that a jury is ever an unknown quantity, often producing the most unexpected results.

The district attorney came down from his seat and shook hands with both of us.

"That was a great stroke!" he said, with frank admiration. "Whatever made you suspect?"

Mr. Royce handed him the note for answer. He read it through and stared back at us in astonishment.

"Why," he began, "who wrote this?"

"That's the note that was delivered to us awhile ago," answered Mr. Royce. "You know as much about it as we do. But it seems to me a pretty important piece of evidence. I turn it over to you."

"Important!" cried Singleton. "I should say so! Why, gentlemen, and his eyes were gleaming, 'this was written either by an accomplice or by the woman herself!'"

My chief nodded.

"Precisely," he said. "I'd get on the track of the writer without delay."

Singleton turned and whispered a few words to a clerk, who hurried from the room. Then he motioned to two smooth faced, well built men who sat near by, spoke a word to the coroner and retired with them into the latter's private office. The reporters crowded about us with congratulations and questions. They scented a mystery. What was the matter with Singleton? What was the new piece of evidence? Was it the note? What was in the note?

Mr. Royce smiled.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I trust that my connection with this affair will end in a very few minutes. For any further information I must refer you to the district attorney. The case is in his hands."

But those men he had summoned into his office were Karle and Johnson, the cleverest detectives on the force. What did he want with them? Mr. Royce merely shrugged his shoulders, whereat the reporters deserted him and massed themselves before the door into the coroner's room. It opened in a moment, and the two detectives came hurrying out. They looked neither to the right nor left, but shouldered their way cruelly through the crowd, paying not the slightest attention to the questions showered upon them. Then the district attorney came out and took in the situation at a glance.

"Gentlemen," he said, raising his voice, "I can answer no questions. I must request you to resume your seats or I shall ask the coroner to clear the room."

They knew that he meant what he said, so they went back to their chairs chagrined, disgusted, biting their nails, striving vainly to work out a solution

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

RECOMMENDS DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal terms to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that a call to attention to its great value."

JAMES H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Freeport, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Cherry Balsam best for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, etc., 50c, \$1.00.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 25 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co

TRUCKERS

General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting.

Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellevue Avenue

BRANCH OFFICES, 1722 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot.

Telephone 71-2.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Patti possesses an old doll called Henrietta, which was given to her when she was seven for singing nicely.

With the purchase of the Laurelos ranch, in Texas, Mrs. H. M. King, popularly known in the south as the "cat queen," is now owner of 1,280,000 acres, a tract nearly twice the area of Rhode Island.

Mrs. Gertrude Rhinelanders Waldo, mother of Deputy Commissioner Waldo of New York, finds that her son's official position brings her a good deal of annoyance, so she has about concluded to make her home abroad.

"Granny" Grasse of Sheringham, Norfolk, England, is probably the oldest Salvationist in the world, for she will celebrate her one hundredth birthday in December. Despite her great age she attends an occasional open air meeting.

Mrs. Frank, widow of Dr. Samuel Leon Frank of Baltimore, will donate \$75,000 to the Hebrew hospital and asylum of that city to be used in erecting a new hospital building adjoining the present building. Mrs. Frank is a sister of Senator Rayner.

Mrs. Rebecca Brewer of Swedesboro, Pa., has been attending camp meeting at Pitman Grove, Pa., for the past thirty-two years, and at every meeting she has always worn the same old hat. She is eighty-three years old and, like her bonnet, still makes a good appearance.

Eleanora Duse, a famous Italian actress, has positively vetoed a plan to celebrate her jubilee as was done in England and France for Ellen Terry and Bernhardt. When the subject was broached to the signora she thanked her friends, but declined the honor. She enjoys the distinction—almost unique in her profession—of shunning everything in the shape of publicity.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Miss Ida Conquest has been engaged to play the leading part in Kyrie Bell's production of "Brigadier Gerard."

Ada Reeves, one of the most popular of English music hall artists, will visit America. She has recently been appearing in vaudeville in South Africa.

The famous London Lyceum, long the home of Sir Henry Irving's brilliant productions, is to be devoted to melodrama. George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley, both well known in the field of sensational drama, are the new lessees.

Jacob Gordin, author of "The Kreutzer Sonata," over which there has been so much litigation, is writing a new drama called "The Mountains." Jacob Adler may produce the play in Yiddish, and if it is a success in the vernacular it may be presented later in English.

Marie Wainwright, who has been a vaudeville headliner of late years, has signed a contract to appear this season in support of Eleanor Robson in Zangwill's "Nurse Marjorie," and Edmund Rostand's beautiful poetic play, "La Princesse Lointaine" ("The Princess Furaway").

THE HOLLADAY CASE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

to the puzzle. It was the coroner's clerk who created a diversion.

"The jury is ready to report, sir," he announced.

"Very well; bring them out." And the jurymen filed slowly back to their seats. I gazed at each face and cursed the inexpressiveness of the human countenance.

"Have you arrived at a verdict, gentlemen?" asked the coroner.

"We have, sir," answered one of them and handed a paper to the clerk.

"Is this your verdict, gentlemen?" asked the coroner. "Do you all concur in it?"

They answered in the affirmative as their names were called.

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

"We, the jury," he read, "impaneled in the case of Hiram W. Holladay, deceased, do find that he came to his death from a stab wound in the neck, inflicted by a penknife in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"The clerk will read the verdict," said Goldberg.

Julius stood up and cleared his throat.

man—even if he was, I would rather welcome the adventure. My curiosity won the battle.

"Very well," I said. "I'll be glad to accept your invitation, Mr.—"

He nodded approvingly.

"There spoke the man of sense. Well, you shall not go unrewarded. Geoffrey is my name—no, you don't know me, but I'll soon explain myself. Here's my cab."

I mounted into it, he after me. It seemed to me that there was an unusual number of loiterers about the door of the building, but we were off in a moment, and I did not give them a second thought. We rattled out into Broadway and turned northward for the three mile straightaway run to Union square. I noticed in a moment that we were going at a rate of speed rather exceptional for a cab, and it steadily increased as the driver found a clear road before him. My companion threw up the trap in the roof of the cab as we swung around into Thirtieth street.

"All right, Sam?" he called.

The driver grinned down at us through the hole.

"All right, sir," he answered. "They couldn't stand the pace a little bit. They're distanced."

The trap snapped down again. We turned into Sixth avenue and stopped in a moment before the Studio, gray and forbidding without, but a dream within. My companion led the way up stairs to a private room, where a table stood, ready set for us. The oysters appeared before we were fairly seated.

"You see," he smiled, "I made hold to believe that you'd come with me, and so had the dinner already ordered."

I looked at him without replying. I was completely in the dark. Could this be the writer of the mysterious

dittoes a blood relationship. My curiosity is that she is an illegitimate child, perhaps four or five years older than Miss Holladay."

I paused to consider. The theory was reasonable, and yet it had its faults.

"Now, let's see where this leads us," he continued. "Let us assume that Holladay has been providing for this illegitimate daughter for years. At last, for some reason, he is induced to withdraw this support, or, perhaps, the girl thinks her allowance insufficient. At any rate, after let us suppose, ineffectual appeals by letter, she does the desperate thing of calling at his office to protest in person. She finds him luxurious—we know his reputation for obstinacy when he has once made up his mind. She reproaches him—he is already desperate, remember—and he answers with that stinging sarcasm for which he was noted. In an ecstasy of anger she snatches up the knife and stabs him; then, in an agony of remorse, endeavors to check the blood. She sees at last that it is useless, that she cannot save him, and leaves the office. All this is plausible, isn't it?"

"Very plausible," I assented, looking at him in some astonishment. "You forget one thing, however. Rogers testified that he was intimately acquainted with the affairs of his employer and that he would inevitably have known of any intrigue such as you suggest."

My companion paused for a moment's thought.

"I don't believe that Rogers would so inevitably have known of it," he said at last. "But, admit that—then there is another theory. Holladay has not been supporting his illegitimate child, who learns of her parentage and goes to him to demand her rights. That fits the case, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted. "It also is plausible."

"It is more than plausible," he said quietly. "Whatever the details may be, the body of the theory itself is unimpeachable—it's the only one which fits the facts. I believe it capable of proof. Don't you see how the note helps to prove it?"

"The note?"

I started at the word, and my suspicious sprang into life again. I looked at him quickly, but his eyes were on the cloth and he was rolling up innumerable little pellets of bread.

"That note," he added, "proved two things. One was that the writer was deeply interested in Miss Holladay's welfare; the other was that he or she knew Rogers, the clerk, intimately—more than intimately; almost as well as a physician knows an old patient."

"I admit the first," I said. "You'll have to explain the second."

"The second is self evident. How did the writer of the note know of Rogers' infirmity?"

"His infirmity?"

"Certainly—his color blindness. I confess I'm puzzled. How could any one else know it when Rogers himself didn't know it? That's what I should like to have explained. Perhaps there's only one man or woman in the world who could know. Well, that's the one who wrote the note. Now, who is it?"

"But," I began quickly, then stopped. Should I set him right, or was this a trap he had prepared for me?

His eyes were not on the cloth now, but on me. There was a light in them I did not quite understand. I felt that I must be sure of my ground before I went forward.

"It should be very easy to trace the writer of the note," I said.

"The police have not found it so."

"No?"

"No. It was given to the doorkeeper by a boy—just an ordinary boy of from twelve to fourteen years. The man didn't notice him especially. He said there was no answer and went away. How are the police to find that boy? Suppose they do find him. Probably all he could tell them would be that a man stopped him at the corner and gave him a quarter to take the note to the coroner's office."

"He might give a description of the man," I ventured.

"What would a boy's description be worth? It would be at the best vague and indefinite. Besides, they're not even found the boy. Now, to return to the note."

We had come to the coffee and cigars, and I felt it time to protest.

"Before we return to the note, Mr. Geoffrey," I said, "I'd like to ask you two direct questions. What interest have you in the matter?"

"The interest of every investigator of crime," he answered, smiling.

"You belong to the detective force, then?"

"I have belonged to it. At present I'm in other employ."

"And what was your object in bringing me here this evening?"

"One portion of my object has been accomplished. The other was to ask you to write out for me a copy of the note."

"But who was it pursued us up Broadway?"

"Oh, I have rivals," he chuckled. "I flatter myself that was rather neatly done. Will you give me a copy of the note, Mr. Lester?"

"No," I answered squarely. "You'll have to go to the police for that. I'm out of the case."

He bowed across the table to me with a little laugh. As I looked at him his imperturbable good humor touched me.

"I'll tell you one thing, though," I added; "the writer of the note knew nothing of Rogers' color blindness. You're off the scent there."

"I am?" he asked amazedly. "Then how did you know it, Mr. Lester?"

"I suppose you detectives would call it deduction. I deduced it."

He took a contemplative puff or two as he looked at me.

"Well," he exclaimed at last, "I must say that beats me! Deduced it! That was mighty clever."

Again I bowed my acknowledgments.

"And that's all you can tell me?" he asked.

"I'm afraid that's all."

"Very well. Thank you for that much," he said, and he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "Now, I fear that I must leave you. I've a good deal of work to do, and you've opened up a very interesting line of speculation. I assure you that I've passed a very pleasant evening. I hope you've not found it tiresome?"

"Quite the contrary," I said heartily. "I've enjoyed myself immensely."

"Then I'll ask you one last favor. My cab is at the door. I've no further use for it, and I beg you'll drive home in it."

I saw that he really wished it.

"Why, yes, certainly," I assented.

"Thank you," he said.

He took me down to the door, called the cab and shook hands with me warmly.

"Goodby, Mr. Lester," he said. "I'm glad of the chance to have met you. I'm not really such a mysterious individual. It's merely a trick of the trade. I hope we'll meet again some time."

"So do I," I said, and meant it.

I saw him stand for a moment on the curb looking after us as we drove away, then he turned and ran rapidly up the steps of the elevated.

The driver seemed in no hurry to get me home, and I had plenty of time to think over the events of the evening, but I could make nothing of them. What result he had achieved I could not imagine. And yet he had seemed satisfied. As to his theory, I could not but admit that it was an adroit one; even a masterly one—a better one, certainly, than I should have evolved unaided.

The cab drew up at my lodging and I sprang out, tipped the driver and ran up the steps to the door. My landlady met me on the threshold.

"Oh, Mr. Lester!" she cried. "Such a time as I've had this night! Every five minutes there's been somebody here looking for you, and there's a crowd of them up in your room now. I tried to put them out, but they wouldn't go!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Deafness.

Deafness is more prevalent in cold than in warm countries, the ears being sensitive to changes of temperature.

Sugar.

Sugar is intensely irritating. Those who handle it and substances which yield it on handling frequently get a form of eczema. More often they suffer from a very unsightly redness of the hands. This is especially the case in cold weather.

Weeds.

As early as the time of Alexander II. of Scotland a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy.

The Greyhound.

Greyhound has no connection with the color gray. While the derivation of the first part of the word is uncertain, it is possibly from grey or gray, a badger, which was hunted by the bound.

Salt.

Salt has long been wholly excluded from the class of bodies denominated salts. Table salt is chloride of sodium.

First Atlantic Steamer.

The first steamer to make a voyage across the Atlantic ocean was the Savannah, of 350 tons and 100 feet in length. She sailed from Savannah on May 24, 1819,

Established by Franklin in 1734.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 190

Saturday, October 13, 1906.

Bryan Presidential prospects seem to be at a low ebb just now. For his own glory and the success of his party he came home two years too soon.

Herald Washington special says that President Roosevelt plans a tax on legacies and incomes and contemplates such an act by next Congress.

The housing reception given Senator Wetmore at the Republican State Convention on Thursday shows that the people are with him, and that they will see to it that men are sent to the General Assembly who will re-elect him.

At the Republican caucus held in Hopkinton the other night, the Hon. Eliza C. Stillman, for many years Senator from that town, offered strong resolutions endorsing the Hon. Geo. Peabody Wetmore and favoring his re-election. They were adopted with great enthusiasm.

The Democrats of Massachusetts were given the cold chills this week, when its Dolly Varden candidate for Governor, Moran, refused to run on the platform endorsing Bryan. He had to be dealt with severely and finally he succumbed and promised to be good, and run on the Democratic platform, Bryan and all.

Heart in New York, Moran in Massachusetts, and Bryan at large, as the leaders of the Democratic party, show to what straits they have been driven for material. The Democratic party of old is gone. In its place we see the representatives of socialism, anarchism, repudiationism, and all other kinds of heresy.

There has probably not been a week in the last five years when the wages of some group of men somewhere in the United States have not been increased. The Census Bulletin showing the progress in manufacturing in 1905 as compared with 1900 gives the increase in number of wage-earners as 16 per cent., while the increase in wages is just doubled, or 82 per cent.

Hoke Smith, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia, who proposed if elected, to disfranchise all the negroes in his State, in a long address the other day stated that the "negroes are irresponsible and when left in idleness are prone to crime. We must exhaust all legal means to save negroes from idleness." Now there is no need of devising any new measures in the South to keep the negroes out of idleness. All the work that is done there is done by the colored people. No white man was ever known to work south of Mason and Dixon's line, if a colored man could be found in the vicinity.

The elegant picture of the new hotel in the Mercury window shows a building which is just what Newport needs. Such a hotel as this plan represents would be a credit to the city as well as a lasting benefit. The house here represented is modern in every respect; the floor plans show every convenience that can possibly be desired. The universal comment is that it is a beautiful design. Such a hotel can and we believe will be built, and when built and managed on a liberal plan will mark a new era for Newport. As soon as a few more details are completed so that something positive can be had in regard to location, cost and so forth, the people will be given a chance to show how much they want such a hotel.

The bureau of the census estimates the per capita public debt on June 30, 1903, at \$35.49. This includes the debts of the national government, states and territories, counties and parishes, cities, and all other minor civil divisions. The total debt of all these classes at the close of the period covered by the census was \$2,789,207,463, as against \$2,028,703,238 for the preceding decade. There was a marked increase during the period from 1890 to 1902 in the indebtedness of cities, villages, towns and other minor civil divisions, the aggregate outstanding in 1902 being more than four times as great as in 1870, with a per capita averaging \$18.24, or more than twice that of 1870.

The great hue and cry made by the Democratic papers of this State at the "iniquity of the Republican party" in not passing resolutions endorsing Senator Wetmore at its State convention falls to the ground when it is known that the great majority of the Republican candidates for Senators and Representatives already nominated are for Senator Wetmore and will vote for him if they are elected. As we have said many times before, there is no serious division in the Republican ranks over the United States Senatorship. There is only one avowed candidate in the field and that is Senator Wetmore. The Democratic, or semi-Democratic, papers have announced numerous other candidates that they would like to have the Republicans put up, so as to aid in the election of their man, but the Republican party is in the habit of making its own nominations and running its own affairs. No other candidate has been put forward by any number of Republicans and when the proper time comes Senator Wetmore will be again chosen to represent this State in the United States Senate and will have the entire Republican vote.

Gov. Uter Again.

The Republican State Convention Does Its Work Unanimously and Well—Not a Dissenting Voice—The Old State Ticket Renominated, and ex-Gov. Dyer and Hon. Adin B. Capron Put in the Race for Congress—The Convention in Detail.

The Republicans of Rhode Island in State Convention assembled on Thursday did up their business with a neatness and despatch. There was a full delegation present from every town and city and enthusiasm was unbounded. There was not a ripple of contention, but everything was harmonious and unanimous. Harry P. Cross of Providence, presided. The delegates from this County were:

Newport—Robert Kerr, Frank P. Gladding, Armistead Hurley, A. K. McMahon, Robert C. Bachelier, Charles F. D. Fayerweather, F. R. Warden, William A. Andrews, M. A. Van Horn, William F. Adams, Robert Gash, William F. Robinson, James McLeish, J. F. Allen, Edward Rawson.

Middletown—Arthur L. Peckham, Cornelius Sullivan, Isaac N. Dennis, James K. Chase, Walter S. Barker, Edward A. Brown.

Portsmouth—James F. Sherman, Earl H. Peckham, Benjamin C. Anthony, William T. H. Boyle, John M. Eldredge, George I. Anthony.

New Shoreham—J. Eugene Littlefield, Jeremiah Logee, Henry K. Littlefield, L. B. Mott, Percival Rose, J. B. Mitchell.

Wickford—William F. Caswell, Charles E. Weeden, Frederic Anthony.



GOVERNOR GEORGE H. UTTER.

John J. Watson, Isaac H. Clarke, Amos L. Peckham.

Tiverton—Samuel F. Stewart, John Carpenter, Jr., Andrew M. Cory, George A. Brown, Arthur S. Rose, Adoniram King.

Little Compton—Abraham Manchester, George T. Howard, Charles H. Ward, Everett G. Manchester, Nathaniel Church, Charles E. Briggs.

The old State ticket was renominated with great enthusiasm. It is as follows: Governor—George H. Uter, West-

Lieutenant-Governor—Frederick H. Jackson, Providence.

Secretary of State—Charles P. Bennett, Providence.

Attorney-General—William B. Greenough, Providence.

General Treasurer—Walter A. Read, Gloucester.

The committee on resolutions, of which C. F. D. Fayerweather, of this city, was a member, reported a platform, which was adopted without dissent. It was, in substance, as follows:

The Republican party of Rhode Island announces its adherence to the policy and principles of the national organization, as exemplified by the achievements of the Fifty-ninth Congress and by the statesmanlike utterances of that pre-eminent leader, President Theodore Roosevelt. We express our unqualified approval of the labors of our Republican Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

The attitude of the Republican party of this State in the question of protection cannot be better expressed than in the words of President Roosevelt: "We stand unequivocally for a protective tariff. But whenever a given rate or schedule becomes evidently disadvantageous to the nation, because of the changes which go on from year to year in our conditions and where it is feasible to change this rate or schedule without too much dislocation of the system, it will be done; while a general revision of the rates and schedules will be undertaken whenever it shall appear to the sober business sense of our people that, on the whole, the benefits to be derived from making such changes will outweigh the disadvantages."

The legislation of the Fifty-ninth Congress demonstrates that when a reform is really needed the Republican party can be relied upon to enact such practical measures as will accomplish the desired results without harm to honest industry and without disturbance to lawful enterprise. We would assert that the anti-trust law, together with the railway rate bill, furnish effective remedies for all of the evils springing from corporate greed, without embarking upon the dangerous and pernicious experiment of Governmental ownership.

As the Democratic party has become the victim of the demagogue and the doctrine of the task of preserving our most cherished institutions falls to the Republican party. We extend to all patriotic Democrats a cordial invitation to join with the Republican party in overthrowing the heresy of Socialism which has engrafted itself upon the Democratic party. We appeal to all the voters of Rhode Island to send to the national Legislature Republican Congressmen to sustain the President in the completion of the magnificent work which he has so well begun.

Realizing the national danger arising from the alarming growth of mob and lynch law in some parts of our country, engendered by race hatred, we hereby declare our deepest sympathy for all innocent victims of mob violence and demand the prompt and adequate punishment of mob instigators and leaders; and we insist upon the just and equal protection of the civil and political rights of all citizens without regard to race, creed, or color.

For a full half-century the Republican party has controlled the Government of Rhode Island. During that time a wonderful development and a phenomenal prosperity have come to the whole country. That our State has shared liberally in the results of

such development and prosperity is evidenced on every hand.

We confidently call attention to the character, honesty and efficiency of our trusted public servants, concerning whom no accusation of unfairness or dishonesty has been or can be made.

Especially do we commend the energetic and efficient administration of George H. Uter and his impartial and vigorous enforcement of law.

An eloquent address was delivered by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts. U. S. Senator George Peabody Wetmore was present and received a rousing applause.

In the District Conventions, Hon. Eliza Dyer was nominated for Congress in the first district, and Hon. Adin B. Capron was renominated in the second district.

The harmony and unanimity that prevailed throughout both conventions augurs well for the success of the party in November. The men nominated are all tried and faithful officials. They have served their State well in every position to which they have been placed. They have had long experience and are perfectly familiar with the duties and the positions to which they are to be elected next month.

Falsehood Exposed.

The papers in this State hostile to the Republican party have published in the last two months many columns, charging the members of the General Assembly with ignoring a petition which they claimed was signed by ten thousand working men of this State asking for the passage of an eight-hour law. Based on this assumed action of the Republican majority in the Assembly many unions have passed resolutions condemning the Republican party and pledging support to the Democratic opponents. The injustice of such action and the falseness of the charges are clearly shown by the following letter from the chairman of the committee to which all such petitions are referred:

September 24, 1906.
Col. Harold J. Cross, Chairman Republican State Central Committee, Providence, R. I.:
Dear Sir:—In reply to your inquiry concerning a petition to the General Assembly from a Typographical Union, endorsed by many signatures, urging the enactment of laws which would require an "eight-hour" day, and requesting a legislative hearing, I beg to say that to my knowledge, there was no such petition nor can I find any trace of it.

I am aware that there has been considerable irresponsible talk published about such a petition and the refusal of the House committee on special legislation to grant a hearing, although requested to do so by the Union. It is complained against the refusal of Mr. Freeman & Sons, which expires in the near future. It urged no legislation and asked for no hearing.

This petition was endorsed by 75 signatures of persons and firms, more than half of them were without any addresses or other means of identification, and by officers of six unions or lodges.

The stories which I have seen in certain papers about the refusal of the committee on special legislation to grant a hearing are absolutely false. They are on a par with all other similar attacks on our legislators originated for partisan purposes.

Yours truly,
(Signed) ROSWELL B. BURCHARD,
Chairman committee on special legislation.
P. S. I enclose a copy of the report of F. A. Jones, clerk of the committee.

Copy.
Sept. 21, 1906.
Hon. Roswell B. Burchard, Little Compton, R. I.

My dear Mr. Burchard—I have had the 69 petitions which you left with me gone over, with the following result:
Number of names with addresses, 486
Number of names without addresses, 48
Number of firm names, 4

Total names, 534
Number of unions with seal, 3
Number of unions without seal, 3
Total names of individuals, firms and unions, 537
Enclosed typewritten copy of the printed matter appearing at the top of the petitions. If there is any further information you want on this please let me hear from you.

Yours truly,
(Signed) FREDERICK A. JONES, Clerk.

Washington, D. C.

An unusual opportunity to visit the National Capital will be afforded on October 23d, on which date tickets will be sold via the Fall River Line at the one-way fare of \$8.50 for the round trip from Newport.

These tickets will be good to return from New York until Friday, November 2nd, and holders will have the option of travelling between New York and Washington either via the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Royal Blue Line; the route, however, must be selected when tickets are purchased.

Stop-over returning will be allowed at Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York within the limit of tickets, providing they are deposited at the Station Ticket Office immediately upon arrival at Baltimore, Philadelphia, or at the Pier 19 North River Ticket Office in New York City.

The Reason Why.

It is 900 years since the failure of a bank in China. On the last occasion when such an event happened, the emperor had the failure investigated, and found it had been due to reckless conduct on the part of the directors. He at once issued an edict that, the next time a bank failed, the heads of its president and directors were to be cut off. This edict, which has never been revoked, has made China's banking institutions the safest in the world.

"The more work there is to do in this country, the higher the wages that will be paid for doing it. That policy which secures to our laboring men the largest amount of work to be done at home is the policy which will secure steady employment at the best wages. A policy which will transfer work from our mines and factories to foreign mines and foreign factories inevitably leads to the depression of wages here."—President Harrison.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. BROWN'S SIGNATURE is on each box. 25c.

Washington Matters.

Publication of the Correspondence with President Palma of Cuba—Delay in Standard Oil Cases—Eight Hour Day Law Causes Some Trouble—Getting out of Debt—Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 12, 1906.

Nothing during the course of the whole Cuban imbroglio has created more interest and discussion than the publication by the State Department of the correspondence between President Palma and Consul General Steinheart early in September over the prospect of American intervention. The correspondence shows that Palma, even at that early stage of the game, was ready to throw up his hands and admit the impossibility of keeping order in Cuba without the assistance of the United States. The reply of President Roosevelt through the State Department that intervention would only be attempted by this government as a last resort shows how closely the administration stayed to the letter and spirit of the Platt amendment. The correspondence also shows that President Palma lacked fortitude, nerve, and was ready to desert the ship long before this country was convinced that he had exhausted all methods of either complying with the rebels or putting them down by force.

Now that the United States has stepped in little doubt is expressed at the State Department that a satisfactory arrangement will be reached. The best class of Cubans realize that this government is a true friend to the republic, and while in all probability the preponderance of Cuban sentiment would be for immediate annexation, the administration has made it plain that Cuba must make another trial and, if possible, establish her own government on a permanent and safe basis.

The selection of Governor Magoun of Panama as the temporary governor of Cuba was reached only at the last moment and is said to be because of his familiarity with Cuban laws reached during his term in the War Department in connection with the Bureau of Insular Affairs. Governor Magoun will oversee the preparations for the coming election in the island, and there is no question that they will be held under strict supervision such as will preclude the possibility of fraud and satisfy both factions of the Cuban public that they are being given a square deal from the top of the pack.

It is stated at the Department of Justice that the delay in filing the suits against the Standard Oil Company is due primarily to the Cuban crisis, the President not being willing to act in the absence of Secretary Taft in whose judgment as a lawyer he has great confidence. It is known, however, that everything is in readiness for the filing of the suits as soon as the plan of legal campaign has been approved by the President.

It is not yet known whether the prosecution against the Standard Oil Co. will be of a civil or a criminal nature. It is believed that there is ample material for a criminal prosecution should such be determined on. This is not the only matter of wide-spread public importance that is awaiting the action of the Department of Justice. The Attorney for the Department, who investigated the Ann Arbor Ice Trust case, is all ready to report, and it is understood that they have made out a strong case against both the railroad and the ice combine.

The Department is also busy passing on a great number of complaints as to alleged violations of the eight hour labor law. These are coming in from all points, and in view of the sweeping nature of the President's recent order, it is probable that they will all be fought to a finish, and a finish can have but one result, the conviction of the defendants.

Speaking of eight hour laws, the Postoffice Department is confronted with the same trouble in respect to city letter carriers, but more especially on a complaint just received from the railway mail clerks. The letter carriers in almost all cities of the country are a hard worked body of men, and while in many cases their actual working hours are limited to eight hours a day, they are practically on duty for much longer than that. Tours of collection and delivery may each cover a comparatively short time, but the intervals during which they are supposed to be off duty are frequently too short to allow them even to return from the postoffice to their homes, so that they are practically continuously on duty for much more than the eight hours prescribed by law.

The case of the railway mail clerks is even more serious because many of their runs are considerably over eight hours and it is manifestly impossible for them to quit a train in mid-career before their route is finished. The Post Office Department has not yet given any decision in the case of the railway mail clerks, but it is believed that some compromise will have to be reached whereby a clerk will be given credit for all the time over eight hours consumed in a given run, and his period of duty will be reduced so as to bring it within 48 hours per week regardless of the time that he may be on duty at a single stretch.

The appointment of a judge in District of Columbia Court is not often a matter of outside interest, but there is considerable interest attached to the removal by the President this week of Assistant Attorney General Robb who will be given the place of Associate Justice in the District Court of Appeals. Mr. Robb is a Vermont man and since he has been in the Department of Justice has been involved in many suits of great national interest. He was prosecutor of Senator Burton in the famous postoffice case, and was made Special Attorney General in connection with the inheritance tax cases of which there are now fully \$8,000,000 still pending. Mr. Robb has expressed a wish to fight these cases to a conclusion, being confident that he can win them before taking his seat on the District bench.

The general public ought to be pleased with the news that it is gradually getting out of debt. This refers not to the exchequer of the individual citizen but to a compilation of national State and municipal debts issued this week by the Census Bureau. This list is only brought up to 1902 and shows a total of a little over 2.34 billions. Such a little matter as the odd millions is of small account. Out of this the National debt represented not quite one billion; while the State debt aggregated over 200 million and the municipal debts nearly one and one-half billion. These figures as compared with preceding years show that there has been a considerable reduction in the national debt while the State debts have been reduced slightly. County debts have increased a little, and the only item in which there is any considerable increase is in municipal indebtedness owing to the large number of public improvements now under way.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1906 by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C., Oct. 12, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Oct. 14 to 18, warm wave Oct. 18 to 17, cool wave Oct. 18 to 20. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Oct. 19, cross west of Rockies country by close of 20, great central valleys 21 to 23, eastern states 24. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Oct. 19, great central valleys 21, eastern states 23. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about Oct. 22, great central valleys 24, eastern states 26.

This disturbance will be preceded by very cool weather, one of the most severe cool waves of the month, and followed by a cool wave almost as severe. Between these two cool waves will come a great rise in temperatures. Altogether the temperatures of this disturbance will average lower than usual.

Rainfall accompanying these temperature changes will not be great and comparatively quiet weather will prevail. No severe storms are expected at that time. The most radical feature will be the fronts Oct. 18 to 20, which will go farther south than usual.

Following Oct. 18 trend of temperatures will be very much downward, more than the season would suggest, and precipitation will be above average of the month. Otherwise quiet weather will prevail.

I will again give warning of exceedingly severe weather from middle of November to end of December. It will be a bad time for corn gathering and cotton picking. Farmers and planters will lose heavily by permitting their corn and cotton to remain in the field after November 15 and range cattle will suffer where shelter is not provided.

During the six weeks of unusual disturbances the earth's magnetic system will be very much unbalanced. Five of the great planets, including the earth, will be on the side of the sun and, including the latter, the six will be in conjunction or nearly in line.

Not only bad weather for crops and live stock may be expected but particularly severe winter storms not far from Nov. 17 and 30 and Dec. 14 and 23.

On Tuesday next the Grand Lodge of Masons of Rhode Island will lay the corner stone of the new Colt Memorial High School building in Bristol. The addresses on this occasion will be delivered by Gov. George H. Uter, President W. H. P. Fausse of Brown University, Charles B. Chapin of the State Normal School and Judge LeBaron B. Colt. Some two thousand in visitors have been invited.

Tiverton.

At a largely attended Republican caucus at the Town Hall on Saturday last, George R. Lawton was nominated for Senator and F. S. Griswold for Representative.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES
Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles—Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c

OCTOBER		STANDARD TIME.		High water	
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	Eve
13 Sat	6 5	5 25	1 4	3 43	4 00
14 Sun	6 8	5 22	1 24	3 42	4 00
15 Mon	6 10	5 22	1 14	3 41	4 00
16 Tue	6 11	5 20	1 4	3 40	4 00
17 Wed	6 12	5 19	1 58	3 39	4 00
18 Thu	6 13	5 17	2 17	3 38	4 00
19 Fri	6 14	5 16	2 31	3 37	4 00

Full Moon, 24 day, 7h. 48m., morning.
Last Quarter, 10th day, 10h. 30m., morning.
New Moon, 17th day, 5h. 30m., evening.
First Quarter, 24th day, 8h. 50m., morning.
Full Moon, 31st day, 11h. 30m., morning.

Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I.

At Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, opposite Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Green Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from \$900 up to \$2,000. Excellent, with simple accommodation, obtainable from \$400 to \$700. Jamestown cottages open daily (Sundays excepted) from 8.30 till 5.00 o'clock, from April 1st till October every year.

Mr. A. O. Taylor, Junior, or Mr. Hugh L. Taylor at the Jamestown office every day.

Newport office, 182 Bellevue Avenue.

A. O. D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Deaths.

In this city, 8th inst., Ellen Nolan.
In this city, 7th inst., at his residence, 5 LaSalle place, William H. Mathewson, in the 84th year of his age.
In this city, 9th inst., Peter Cook, aged 57 years.
In this city, 10th inst., Hester Ann, widow of David Jones.
In this city, 11th inst., at her daughter's residence, Mrs. Catherine Walker, 40 Gould street, Johanna, widow of Thomas O'Connell, aged 85 years.
In Waverly, Mass., 8th inst., Eleanor B. widow of John N. Potter.
In Portsmouth, Glen Farm, 10th inst., Mrs. William Barclay.
In Little Compton, 8th inst., Otis Manchester, in his 84th year.
In Providence, 7th inst., Fanny O. Dexter, widow of Abner D. Morr, in her 83d year.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

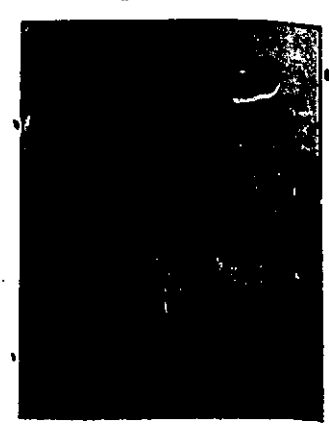
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Wood
See Sack-Simile Wrapper Below.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CLEVELAND HOUSE.

27 CLARKE STREET.

A comfortable, pleasant home for transient or permanent guests, having all modern improvements and conveniences. New throughout. Large airy rooms, single or en suite.



House is heated by hot water. Electricity and gas in each room. Modern plumbing. Hardwood finish, enameled walls.

Especially adapted for a family house. All home cooking. \$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.

FOR TERMS ADDRESS

Cornelius Moriarty,

27 CLARKE STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Just Out!**Six New Panoramic Post Cards.**

TRAINING SQUARE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, BEACON ROCK, THE BEACH, HARBOR FRONT, THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Bradley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Stacy, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square, News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co. and by the publishers.

MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY

A Full Line of all the NEW AND

Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D. SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—4:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-9 Real Estate Agency.

Carr's List

Breezy, By J. G. Frederick.

The Book of Spice, By "Ginger."

A Good Samaritan, By M. R. S. Andrews.

Cozy Corner Confidences, By Walter Pulitzer.

Pigs in Pigs, By Ellis P. Butler.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

PERRY HOUSE,

FROLIC'S FREIGHT

Larger Part of Smuggled Chinamen Are at Liberty

EIGHTEEN UNDER ARREST

Capture of Long-Sought Yacht Reveals Gigantic Conspiracy—Canada Is a Way-Station For Mongolians Direct From China

Providence, Oct. 11.—Eighteen Chinamen arrested after the capture by the United States immigration authorities of the schooner yacht Frolic, for which revenue cutters have been searching along the New England coast for the last two weeks, were arraigned last evening before United States Commissioner Cross and were held for examination next Wednesday. Bail was fixed at \$1000 in each case.

All the arrested men pleaded not guilty, and declared through an interpreter that they had been in the United States before, but that their certificates of residence had been lost, some in New York city and others in the San Francisco. This declaration contradicted a statement alleged to have been made by John C. Lehmann of Boston, one of the men arrested for complicity in the smuggling operations, that the Chinamen brought by the Frolic from Canada came to that country direct from China.

Edward Junkins of Boston and William A. Duncan of Somerville, Mass., who were arrested as members of the crew of the Frolic, and Lehmann, who was captured on shore, where he is said to have been engaged in an effort to dispose of the smuggled Chinamen, were not arraigned.

Twenty-four of the Chinese passengers of the Frolic are believed to be in hiding in the Chinese quarter of this city, and immigration inspectors have been making a search of the quarter.

A gigantic conspiracy, engineered by an organized gang, among them two Boston men of some prominence, to smuggle Chinamen into the United States, is revealed in the capture of the Frolic. When asked how the smugglers had succeeded in so long evading the officials, Lehmann said: "That's easy. Most places in New England are fixed, and we don't have any trouble."

"Why, a ship went into Boston harbor not very long ago and landed 21 Chinamen," said Lehmann. "The man who had charge of the Boston end of the game met the Chinamen, put them on board a street car and took them across the city to Chinatown."

Painted black and rigged up to resemble a fisherman, the 50-foot vessel, with 42 Chinamen packed aboard which the captain wished to land in this country, ran into the Providence river.

All of the human freight was landed and but for an accidental discovery of 15 of the Chinamen a party they would have escaped. The police are looking for Captain Colby.

John C. Lehmann of Boston, who was arrested for complicity in the smuggling, and who is said to be a brother of the agent of the Frolic, made this statement:

"I got a notice from my brother to come to Providence and register at the Narragansett hotel at J. C. Lehmann. I was not told what the job was to be or what would be expected of me. But I knew in a general way. I supposed that I was merely to come here and wait till someone came and gave me further instructions."

"I waited here till last Friday without hearing anything and thought I would go back to Boston. I stayed around, however, till Tuesday night, when I was accosted by a man who turned out to be Captain Colby. I had never seen him before, but he recognized me, he said, by my resemblance to my brother."

"Colby and I went to the Frolic and took ashore 12 Chinamen, each of us looking out for six of them. We got them ashore all right and left them in the Chinese quarter on Empire street."

"We returned to the Frolic in the darkness and started ashore again with a second batch of 12 Chinamen. Then things began to look bad. I did not like the way the Chinamen began to act. They seemed terrified."

"Right in the streets they would run up to any man we might meet and actually cling to him, jabbering away as though scared and wanting protection."

"We attracted more and more attention, even though it was dark and were keeping off the main streets. I suddenly made up my mind to get out and I did so. I left Colby and the 12 Chinamen in the street and hustled down the trolley tracks. It was raining then, but I walked as far as Lakewood in the rain. Then I took a trolley to Oakland Beach. By that time I had had a chance to think and had collected myself. I decided to get back to Boston as quickly and quietly as I could. I boarded a car for Providence, but was arrested the minute I landed there."

Ames Surrenders

Boston, Oct. 12.—The chief development of yesterday in the Chinese smuggling case was the surrender of Alfred Ames, the South Boston boy, who shipped some weeks ago on the Frolic to go, as he supposed, according to his story, on a mineralogical expedition and pleasure trip.

A close lookout is being maintained for Captain Colby of the Frolic, and for John C. Lehmann, who alone of the active workers in the scheme remain at large. Developments are expected today.

Possible Trace of Clerk White

Detroit, Oct. 12.—The Detroit police have been asked to search for John D. White, city clerk of Chicago, Mass., who disappeared from his home Aug. 25 and has not been heard from since. White has a cousin in this city and she has notified the police that she has an intuition that White is in this city.

MAGOON AND BELL

Cuban Affairs Will Be Placed In Their Hands

FUNSTON COMING HOME

Moderates Say He Deserted Them In War to Throw On Spanish Yoke—Will Return With Taft and Bacon Next Saturday

Havana, Oct. 11.—General Funston will not continue in command of the American forces in Cuba. Governor Taft announced last night that Funston will return home on Saturday on the battleship Louisiana with Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon. The affairs of Cuba will then be left in the hands of Governor Magoon and General Bell. In explaining this change of plans, Taft said:

"General Funston was summoned on a hurry call from the Pacific coast because he was well acquainted with many of the insurgent chiefs here and it was thought he could aid us, as he did greatly, in bringing the men in arms to an agreement. Funston was put temporarily in command of the troops in Cuba merely as a convenience until Bell should arrive."

Governor Taft's especial confidence in the chief of the general staff's ability to carry out the program the governor has initiated resulted in the decision to continue him in the island. Many Cubans of the faction to which Mendez Capote and others who organized the Moderate party belong were outspoken against Funston, alleging that he had deserted them in the war to throw off the yoke of Spain. Taft did not take cognizance of this bitterness, as he was familiar with the circumstances under which Funston, at that time, returned to the United States. Funston was then ill and he had the consent to return of General Garcia and other leaders, who appreciated the long service he had given their cause.

An Amnesty Proclamation

Havana, Oct. 10.—Charles E. Magoon, the newly appointed provisional governor of Cuba, has arrived in Havana. Coincident with his coming, Governor Taft gave out a general decree proclaiming amnesty not only to the rebels, but to all persons charged with political offenses or crimes in any way connected with the revolution. He also issued orders covering the attitude of the American marines and soldiers toward the people of Cuba. The much-discussed question of the ownership of the horses used by the revolutionists was covered in a special decree issued last night. It is expected that the amnesty proclamation will clear the way for greater freedom of action by Magoon, who will succeed Taft.

While the arrival of the new governor was not attended by any marked demonstration, the Cubans appear to be favorably impressed by his personality.

The Landing of Troops

Havana, Oct. 8.—The first landing of American soldiers in the present occupation of Cuba was accomplished with marvelous promptness, and 500 men of the Fifth United States Infantry and 350 men of the Second battalion of engineers are settled under canvas in Camp Columbia. The cruiser Brooklyn arrived here yesterday afternoon with 400 men on board, who will be sent out 400 men on board, who were sent out within an hour from the time that the transport Sommer came alongside the railroad wharf yesterday the disembarking had been completed and 850 men had been transported on street cars direct to the camp. Their equipment followed. The movement was so skillfully handled that the men prepared their mid-day meal from their own rations.

Yellow Fever at Cienfuegos

Cienfuegos, Oct. 10.—Colonel Barnett has ordered the immediate removal of the American marines from this city on account of the appearance here of yellow fever. The marines were taken on board the ships. The yellow fever patient came from Cruces, where two other cases are reported.

Failed For Over \$3,000,000

New York, Oct. 11.—The assignment of J. M. Ceballos & Co., bankers and merchants, with liabilities between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000, is announced in a statement by the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell. The statement declares that the failure was due to the defalcation and absconding of Manuel Silveira de Silveira & Co., Havana, agents of the New York company.

End of Baseball Season

Chicago, Oct. 8.—The baseball season of both major leagues ended yesterday with games at Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. For the first time since the two big leagues have been organized both championships have come to one city, Chicago being the victor in both leagues.

Adams Died by Own Hand

New York, Oct. 10.—Notwithstanding the conviction of Coroner Harbinger that "Al" Adams was murdered, the jury at the conclusion of an inquest decided that the former "policy king" came to his death by suicide and rendered a verdict to that effect.

Life Sentence For Murder

Hartford, Oct. 10.—The murder trial of Joseph Ferrara, who was accused of killing Joseph Prestia, was brought to a sudden ending when the prisoner pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to state prison for life.

Baby Set Sister Afire

Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 12.—While Mrs. Thomas Simpson of Oak Bridge was absent from home her 5-year-old daughter, Helen, was fatally burned by the child's brother, aged 3. The little fellow found a bunch of matches and accidentally ignited his sister's dress. The little girl died from her injuries. The other child was unharmed.

Schooner Lost, Captain Drowned

New London, Conn., Oct. 12.—During a heavy southeast gale schooner Ella Powell capsized and sank in the Race, and now lies in about 70 feet of water with only her topmast visible above the surface. Captain Clark was drowned, but the only other man aboard, Nelson Mack, was rescued by Captain Hunt in a wrecking tug.

SHOT IN THE FACE

Farmer's Wife Meets With Almost Instant Death

LOOKED OUT A WINDOW

Was Met With Charge of Shot—Officials Seeking Brother-in-Law, Who Had Been Inmate of an Insane Asylum

Winchendon, Mass., Oct. 12.—While preparing supper last night for a party of friends who were visiting her, Mrs. Ira E. Wood, wife of a farmer living at Winchendon Center, was shot in the head by an unknown person who fired a charge of shot from outside through a window. Mrs. Wood lived but 10 minutes after the shot was fired. She had gone to the window to look out because some of her visitors had told her that they had heard a strange noise outside. As she reached the window and looked out a charge of shot struck her in the face.

As soon as possible Deputy Sheriff Callahan and Medical Examiner Sawyer were notified, and a posse of citizens was made up under the direction of Callahan to search for the murderer. Excitement in the village ran high and there were threats of lynching. The deputy sheriff went to the home of Harry Wood, a brother of Ira Wood, who occupies a farmhouse a short distance away from the scene of the shooting, but the man was not at home, and the efforts of Callahan and his assistants to locate him were not successful.

According to Callahan, Harry Wood hired a shotgun a short time ago from H. H. Hammond, who keeps a hardware store and lets firearms. Among his neighbors Harry Wood has been regarded as somewhat lacking mentally, and since the death of his father, who lived with him, not many months ago, it is said that he has been at times under the influence of liquor.

At the moment of the tragedy Ira Wood, the husband, was in his barn assisting in unharassing a horse belonging to E. E. Hayden of Athol, a peddler for a Springfield firm, who intended to stay at the Wood farmhouse for the night. On hearing the shot, Wood and Hayden rushed into the house and found Mrs. Wood lying on the floor of the dining room with the lower part of her face shot away.

One of Mrs. Wood's guests was Mrs. Clara Hobbs of Worcester, and Mrs. Hobbs was standing within a few feet of Mrs. Wood and close by the window when the shot was fired. She said that Mrs. Wood, attracted by a sound outside, stepped to the window, but had no time to see who was there when the shot was fired.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wood have been prominent socially and have been active in the affairs of the Baptist church. They had been married about eight years and have a daughter, Esther, aged 6. Mrs. Wood was about 35 years of age. She came to this town from Detroit.

Harry Wood had been an inmate of an insane asylum. The officers last night searched the dense woods in the vicinity of Harry Wood's home, believing that the man was hiding there. The search was discontinued about 10 o'clock and was resumed at daylight today.

Joke, Jealousy and Double Crime

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 10.—As the result of a joke on his wife Charles Smith, mayor of this town, is believed to be dying and Mrs. Smith is also probably fatally wounded. Smith had Elbert Medley dress up as a woman and call him out to the gate. Mrs. Smith, maddened by jealousy, shot her husband and then shot herself.

Handled a Live Wire

Salem, Mass., Oct. 8.—John W. Cody, 13 years old, was electrocuted in front of his home last night by handling a live wire, supposed to have been an electric light wire. The boy, seeing a broken wire dangling from a pole, seized hold of it and was immediately knocked to the ground. He died without regaining consciousness.

Weavers Object to New Looms

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 10.—Fifty weavers in the E. B. Thayer woolen mill, Valley Falls, have struck, claiming that new looms put in operation by the company recently reduce the earning capacity of the weavers 15 percent. Superintendent Arthur declines to make a statement in the absence of the owner in New York.

Draper's Name Not Mentioned

Boston, Oct. 10.—Governor Guild was indorsed and the rest of the Republican state ticket were recommended to the voters of the state by the committee of 100 on reciprocal trade which met here. Eugene S. Fox and others objected to the mention of Lieutenant Governor Draper by name.

Cornwell Admits His Guilt

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 11.—George W. Cornwell, charged with the theft 22 months ago from Mrs. Johanna Lounpkin of bonds and jewels, amounting to \$11,000, caused a sudden ending to the trial which began here yesterday by pleading guilty. Cornwell will be sentenced today.

Indicted For Son's Death

Barnstable, Mass., Oct. 10.—The grand jury convened here and brought in an indictment of manslaughter against Arthur S. Hoxie, charged with assaulting and beating his 4-year-old son, Arthur C., and causing his death. Hoxie pleaded not guilty.

Schooner Lost, Captain Drowned

New London, Conn., Oct. 12.—During a heavy southeast gale schooner Ella Powell capsized and sank in the Race, and now lies in about 70 feet of water with only her topmast visible above the surface. Captain Clark was drowned, but the only other man aboard, Nelson Mack, was rescued by Captain Hunt in a wrecking tug.

Wise Political Selection.

In these harvest time days the man who pauses to look around him must be impressed by the general air of well being and prosperity which prevails everywhere. It is a wonderful country and this is a wonderfully prosperous period. There is work for every man who wants to work; there is a dollar for every digger, and more too, and no class of the population is without some share in the general distribution of good fortune. Did it ever occur to you that this glowing condition may be due to the enforcement of economic policies, the result of wise political selection? If that thought has not occurred, just let your mind run back a few years and contrast the situation under another and different regime of economics. Take it when Democratic policies were in effect and the Democratic party was in power.

Factories were idle, men were out of work, railroads were laying off crews, farmers had no market for their products and prices were down. Everybody felt the pinch of hard times in greater or less degree, according to their resources. Even the rich man was less rich, and as for the poor man he wasn't anywhere. The Democratic party was in power, however, and Democratic policies were being tried. Note the difference the moment the Republicans gained the ascendancy. The bare prospect of Republican rule, and Republican policies, caused better times. Merchants began to lay in stock, factories brushed up and got ready to run, railroads felt the stimulus and called their laid off crews back again. People began to eat more, and the farmers found sale for their products. This was actually in advance of the Republican Administration.

When the Republican Party finally came into full power and passed the economic laws, business hummed and it has been humming ever since. The Republican Party assured the maintenance of the honest dollar and guaranteed the workingman a chance to earn it. That is about the sum and substance of Republican economic policies.

The question comes up this Fall whether you will continue your support of these policies, or whether you are tired of prosperity and would like to try a change. Before you decide to change, just let your mind run back to the days of Democratic rule of only a few years ago, and then draw your own conclusion.

"I know a man who is very rich, who is worth probably \$100,000,000, and he is growing old," says John D. Rockefeller. "He has no interest in anything but business. It is too late for him to develop other tasks. I am especially thankful that I learned early to take an interest in other fields than business. I regard it as of the greatest importance that the man of business should guard against his business monopolizing him to the exclusion of all other fields of life." He added that he had not entered the New York offices at 20 Broadway in eight years.

After several months' vacation the Middletown fire bug has apparently begun work again. Last Sunday a haystack on Bliss road was destroyed by fire without visible cause. The fire was discovered about three o'clock Sunday morning after a drenching rain had been falling.

AGONIZING ITCHING BURNING ECZEMA

Affected Whole System—Could Not Sleep Nights—Lost Flesh and All Run Down—Advised By a Friend to Try Cuticura and Now Gladly Recommends

CUTICURA REMEDIES TO ALL SUFFERERS

"I write you to say I am cured of eczema, and can say that I owe it to the Cuticura Remedies, and I gladly recommend them to all suffering with any form of eczema. For four long months I suffered agony and an itching and burning feeling which affected my whole system, so as I could not sleep nights, and I did not care to go into public, as I would have no case. I lost flesh and was all run down. I tried everything I could think of and also everything that was advertised, but got no relief, until I was advised by a friend to try Cuticura, which I did, and can truthfully say I got immediate relief. I would gladly recommend Cuticura to any one suffering as I did with eczema, and can verify my statement by members and also intimate friends of my family. I trust that this testimonial may be of some benefit to persons suffering with any skin diseases." Chester A. Bailey, 260A Highland Avenue, Somerville, Mass., Oct. 17, 1905.

CURED AT EXPENSE OF 76c.

"When an infant I had a bad humor on my head, for which I was treated with Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now I have a good head of hair and the humor is entirely gone. It only required one box of Ointment and one cake of Soap to effect a cure. I send this with my permission to publish." Miss Iza McNaughton, June 13, 1905.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for every form of Eczema, from Pimples to Scabies, from Itchiness to Age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills, in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, the price of 80c, may be had of all druggists. A single box often cures the most distressing cases. When all other remedies fail, even the best physicians fail. Cuticura is a sure cure, and even the best physicians fail. Cuticura is a sure cure, and even the best physicians fail.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

CUSTOMERS have a right to expect that their banking business will be treated as CONFIDENTIAL. This we do, and we also aim to protect their interests in every legitimate manner. Drafts or Money Orders drawn on any part of the world. Safe Deposit Boxes to rent.

Newport Trust Company, 303 Thames Street.

Old Colony Street Railway Co

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.) Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Pocahontas Pittston

Georges Creek Lehigh

Lykens Valley Reading

Lorberry Cannel

The Gardiner B. Reynolds Co.,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE. Telephone 222.

SCHREIER'S,

143 THAMES STREET

MILLINERY.

This is the LEADING HOUSE.

ALL THE NEW SHAPES IN

Felt, Velvet & Beaver Hats.

ALL THE NEWEST NOVELTIES IN

MILLINERY TRIMMINGS.

Specialties in

Children's Hats and Tams.

POPULAR PRICES THE RULE.

SOUVENIR POSTALS.

You can find anything you want in our assortment of

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.

ALSO A VERY COMPLETE LINE OF

NICE STATIONERY

FROM TEN CENTS PER BOX UP.

At Postal Station, No. 1, 174 Broadway.

S. S. THOMPSON.

Sunday School Convention.

The Rhode Island Sunday School Convention held its twenty-sixth annual session at the United Congregational Church in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, with a good attendance of delegates. The session opened at noon on Tuesday when Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., conducted the devotional service. At the afternoon session, after devotional exercises conducted by Rev. G. W. Quick, D. D., an address of welcome was delivered by Rev. J. A. Richards, the response being by Rev. Lester Bradner, Jr., Ph. D., president of the association. The afternoon and evening sessions were devoted to addresses and sectional conferences.

Wednesday morning, after devotional exercises by Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., there were interesting papers on subjects connected with teachers' work. At the annual election of officers Rev. Charles A. Stenhouse of this city was chosen president.

Rev. Frederick B. Cole of Wickford has been taken to a hospital in Providence for an operation. He is regarded as seriously ill. Rev. Mr. Cole has a host of friends in Newport where he is a member of several Masonic bodies.

Knew Not What She Did

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 11.—Acting on specific instructions from Judge Hornback, a jury in the criminal superior court brought in a verdict of not guilty, on the ground of insanity, in the case of Mrs. Bertha Magersuppe of Danbury, charged with having killed her infant son. She was committed to an insane asylum for a term of two years.

BACK TO ASYLUM

Tucker Tells How He Escaped and Why He Surrendered

Middletown, Conn., Oct. 12.—William H. Tucker, the Hartford wife murderer, who escaped Wednesday from the asylum for the insane at Middletown and who yesterday surrendered himself in New York city, was brought back here last night, arriving shortly before midnight. He was accompanied by Dr. Thomas of the hospital staff and was shackled to one of the asylum attendants.

Tucker said he had escaped through the use of keys which he had fashioned out of scrap metal. He walked to New Haven and there boarded a freight train, riding in a box car to New York. He said he was cold and hungry when he reached New York and gave himself up because he preferred warmth and food to liberty.

Knew Not What She Did

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 11.—Acting on specific instructions from Judge Hornback, a jury in the criminal superior court brought in a verdict of not guilty, on the ground of insanity, in the case of Mrs. Bertha Magersuppe of Danbury, charged with having killed her infant son. She was committed to an insane asylum for a term of two years.

Mark Twain Turned Down.

(From Mark Twain's Autobiography by the North American Review.)

My experience as an author began early in 1867. I came to New York from San Francisco in the first month of that year and presently Charles H. Webb, whom I had known in San Francisco as a reporter on the Bulletin, and afterward editor of the Californian, suggested that I publish a volume of sketches. I had but a slender reputation to publish it on, but I was charmed and excited by the suggestion and quite willing to venture it if some industrious person would save me the trouble of gathering the sketches together. I was loath to do it myself, for from the beginning of my sojourn in this world there was a persistent vacancy in me where the industry ought to be. ("Ought to be," is better, perhaps, though the most of the authorities differ as to this.)

Webb said I had some reputation in the Atlantic States, but I knew quite well that must be of a very attenuated sort. What there was of it rested upon the story of "The Jumping Frog." When Artemus Ward passed through California on a lecturing tour in 1855 or '56, I told him the "Jumping Frog" story, in San Francisco, and he asked me to write it out and send it to his publisher, Carleton, in New York, to be used in padding out a small book which Artemus had prepared for the press and which needed some more stuffing to make it big enough for the price which was to be charged for it.

Webb had made an appointment for me with Carleton; otherwise I never should have gotten over that frontier. Carleton rose and said brusquely and aggressively:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

I reminded him that I was there by appointment to offer him my book for publication. He began to swell, and went on swelling and swelling until he had reached the dimensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deep were broken up, and for two or three minutes I couldn't see him for the rain. It was words, only words, but they fell so densely that they darkened the atmosphere. Finally he made an imposing sweep with his right hand, which comprehended the whole room and said:

"Books—look at those shelves! Every one of them is loaded with books that are waiting for publication. Do I want any more? Excuse me I don't. Good morning."

Twenty-one years elapsed before I saw Carleton again. I was then sojourning with my family at the Schweitzerhof in Luzerne. He called on me, shook hands cordially, and said at once, without any preliminaries:

"I am substantially an obscure person, but I have at least one distinction to my credit of such colossal dimensions that it entitles me to immortality—to wit; I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century."

It was a most handsome apology, and I told him so, and said it was a long delayed revenge, but was sweeter to me than any other that could be devised; that during the lapse of twenty-one years I had in fancy taken his life several times every year, and always in new and increasingly cruel and inhuman ways, but that now I was pacified, appeased, happy, even jubilant; and that therefore I should hold him my true and valued friend and never kill him again.

Didn't Know Wife's Purse.

In response to an advertisement printed in a local paper two women called on J. H. Noble, a grocer of Oak Park, the other day, and claimed a pocket-book which he had found in his store. Before the grocer had time to solve the puzzling problem his wife entered the store and seized the purse, exclaiming:

"Why, that's mine. Where did you get it?"

The two other women left the store without further argument.

"I hope, John, you will consult me after this before you try to give my money away," Mrs. Noble said to her husband, "You ought to know your wife's pocket-book."

Well-Timed.

"That was a great sermon you preached this morning," said the old church warden, "and it was well timed, too."

"Yes," rejoined the parson, "it was deep sigh. 'I noticed that.'"

"Noticed what?" asked the puzzled warden.

"That several of the congregation looked at their watches frequently," answered the good man, with another deep sigh.—Tit-Bits.

The Rev. Mr. — was by many considered somewhat tedious in his delivery. On one occasion after being booked to preach at a camp meeting, he was caught in a sudden shower. He appeared at the appointed time quite wet.

As he was excusing himself to the camp manager, a waggon clerical brother said:

"Oh, go on up in the pulpit. You'll soon be dry enough there."—Bohemian.

A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time grew impatient at the slow progress she was making, and consulted her doctor.

"Madam, I can never cure you of throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat a complete rest," said the medico.

"Oh, doctor," objected the patient, "talking can't affect me! I'm very careful. I never use harsh language!"

Mrs. Johnson—Do you think that sending Edith to the cookery classes has done her any good?

Mr. Johnson—Certainly it has.

Mrs. Johnson—But, then, the things she cooks are so uneatable that we just have to give them away to the tramps at the door.

Mr. Johnson—Well, haven't you noticed that we have almost entirely got rid of the tramps?

"What! Fishing on the Sabbath?" exclaimed the clergyman, reprovingly.

"Don't you know that little boys who fish on the Sabbath go to the bad place?"

"Huh! I guess that's right," replied the bad boy, disgustedly. "I couldn't 'a' struck no worse place than dis."—Phila. Press.

Hubby—The new cook seems very religious.

Wife—What makes you think so?

Hubby—Everything she sends in seems to be a burnt offering.—Chicago Tribune.

THE PINK KIMONO

By ZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

It lay on the massive settee in the hall, an innocent looking parcel, flat and somewhat square. Three of Warwick's letters lay on top of it, neatly, as the hall boy had placed them, also his weekly paper from home.

Warwick glanced at the letters, again at the clock, tossed off his hat, coat and gloves and carried the whole lot, parcel, letters and paper, into the comfortable study and dropped into a deep chair.

There was an hour before the crowd would arrive. Everything was ready. The spread would be sent up at 8:30 sharp. He hoped Stanton would be able to get away. He liked Stanton. The boy needed a good friendly grip just now. He knew himself what it was to be in New York a stranger. Money could not give one the password that admitted one to the inside of things, the "getting next to the inness of all," as Stanton said. And if the right path did not open, and one happened to be lonely, there were others wide and welcoming. Warwick knew.

The boy was young and clever. The only thing that allied him was too much money, and the confidence he had therein. He was a bit handy with it all—the whirl and the swing and the chance for big success. Warwick had kept an eye on him for weeks, measuring and judging him, and now he was satisfied. All the boy needed was direction and a cool hand checking him now and then, and he would win out.

Warwick opened the weekly paper from home and smiled to himself at the familiar heading, the Weekly Visitor. Ever since he could remember the Weekly Visitor had visited regularly at the quiet, big gray house that crowned Warwick's hill, up in Ellipsisboro, N. H. And Stanton was from the country, too, some place out west, out in Nebraska. He wondered if he had a weekly paper, too, to keep him in touch with the old world, and the ethics and standards of something besides New York.

The letters were unimportant. He took up the parcel and slipped off the cord. Laundry probably. He had not ordered anything.

The paper fell to the floor and he sat staring at the thing in his hands. It was a pink, delicate, shimmering, silken thing. He stood up and shook it out to its full length. It reached to the floor. It was not a bath robe. It could not possibly be a smoking jacket. It was a woman's garment, unmistakably.

The texture was the softest Japanese crepe, the silk interwoven around the sleeves and neck in a border of golden butterflies. There was no mark on it nor on the paper. Warwick looked carefully.

The door bell buzzed imperatively, once, twice and a long one. That was Billy Trainor's ring. Warwick hesitated, cast the pink silk thing behind him on the chair and opened the door.

Billy stepped in smilingly, interrogatively looked about the room and spied the pink silk thing.

"Rex," he said reproachfully; "why, Rex?"

"It was left here by mistake," said Warwick hastily. "The hall boy did it. What is it?"

Billy lifted it by the shoulders and beamed with the appreciative eye of a connoisseur.

"It's a kimono, the real imported article. No bargain sale. Who's the lucky lady?"

The door bell buzzed again. Warwick took the kimono with deliberate forethought, went to the wardrobe in his dressing room and concealed it therein.

"It's Stanton," Billy announced, "and the rest."

Warwick played the host with more inner discomfort than ever before in his life. It was not the mere fact of the mistake that troubled him, nor that he minded the boys knowing of it, but he didn't want to see that particular—what had Billy called it?—kimono?—hauled and laughed about and speculated over. Somewhere there must be the girl who wanted that kimono. He hoped she was a brunette. Pink was best for brunettes. Not too much of a brunette, perhaps with blue eyes, or gray—yes, gray—a gray eye or so.

Billy was pushing back the chairs and taboret for the spread. Stanton was singing at the piano. Out in the kitchenette Yates and Rogers and the Danforths were rummaging for dishes and knives and forks. Big De Venu was up on the davenport with its red Turkish cover draped picturesquely about him, reciting some original poetry.

"Rex, don't you own a decent tablecloth, you beggar?" called Yates.

Warwick smoked without replying. Through the haze he saw the brunette girl with the pink kimono about her smiling deliciously like a goshawk—no, he didn't want her to be a goshawk—smiling, well, just as a girl should smile when she had the right one to smile at.

Stanton left the piano and came over. "Say, you're a prince to get me here tonight," he said. "I didn't know you had a place like this. Beats hotels, doesn't it? What do you call it?"

"Studio apartment," said Warwick, lazily. "Half den, half home, not confined to bachelors. I like it. When a fellow's had a home, it always sticks to him a bit. There's a Jap comes in and cleans up for me, and if I want a meal, I can have it."

"I'm going to housekeeping too," began Stanton awkwardly.

"Honey-moon?" Warwick's eyes lighted with amusement. He had not dreamed the boy had gone so far.

"No, not as bad as that," Stanton hesitated, glancing at the pink kimono, riotous crowd about the piano. "It's my sister. Mother's sent her on to take care of me until she can come herself. I guess they didn't get very good accounts of their little boy in Manhattan. But I wrote home and told them

about you and what sort of a chap you were and how you had taken me under your wing, and I promised to cut out the hotel and—well, a whole lot of things mother didn't like the flavor of, and today—"

"Whoopie!" yelled Yates from the dressing room. "I've found Warrick's tailcoat. It's a dream!"

Warwick sat up and dropped his cigarette. Waiting dizzily, radiantly, wickedly out from the dressing room came Yates, arrayed in the pink silk kimono. There was a silence, then a long drawn howl of delight from the crowd. They caught Yates in their arms, and swept him up on the center table. They hunted him a banana can of dried plums and a Mexican peaked hat. Trainor at the piano crashed into the "San Toy" overture. And suddenly Warwick stood up, white and mad, mad clear through that they should dare even to jest to touch anything that belonged to the dear, unknown girl, the brunette with the gray eyes.

"Take that off!" he said.

The music stopped short, but not from his words. Every face in the crowd was turned toward the door of the hall, and Yates looked helpless and miserable. Warwick turned, too, and held his breath. She stood in the doorway, one hand lifting aside the heavy drapery. Behind her was George, the colored hall boy. Her face looked startled, and yet there was amusement, too, in the wide gray eyes, as they glanced from face to face and finally rested on Yates.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said gently. "George tells me a parcel of mine was left here tonight. I have only moved here today, and he made a mistake. I think that gentleman has my kimono."

Wretched, limp and apologetic, Yates was assisted from the table, and divested of the pink silk gown.

"I am sorry to spoil your amusement," she stopped, and turned her head toward Warwick as the host, when all at once her eyes met Stanton's.

"Marjorie!" he gasped. "Marjorie, you blessed kid!"

Silently and discreetly the crowd averted its composite face while Stanton kissed Marjorie ecstatically. Warwick looked unhappy.

"Boys," cried Stanton, "this is my sister, all the way from Nebraska to Manhattan to take care of her little brother."

"Mother is here, too," Marjorie explained, blushing at the effusive welcome accorded her. "We had the address of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived here."

"That's Warwick," interposed Stanton. "He's a little fellow."

Warwick bowed. Suddenly he felt a great, supreme gladness steal over him. She had gray eyes, Stanton's sister from Nebraska.

"So we came right here from the depot, and mother wanted to surprise you by having everything ready. I bought my kimono on the way here, because our trunks haven't come yet, and the boy made a mistake delivering it. We have the apartment just across the hall."

"Boys," cried Stanton, "come on to the apartment across the hall and be introduced. You've got to make us welcome, because we've come to stay."

Decorously and quietly the crowd crossed to the apartment next door. With dignity and beautiful grace they were introduced to Stanton's mother and to Stanton's home, and Stanton knew he was accepted and admitted forever to the "innings of things."

But Warwick sat in a corner watching Marjorie make tea, tea from his teapot, which the Jap servant had brought over, and over the back of her chair hung the pink silk kimono. He was wondering how she would look in it.

"Sugar?" she asked. "One or two, Mr. Warwick?"

"Two," said Warwick, with a half suppressed sigh. "Say, do you know Mrs. Miss Stanton, I'm awfully glad you're a brunette, with gray eyes."

"Why?" Marjorie's head bent lower over the teapot. Tea making does require so much careful attention.

"Because," said Warwick, "pink is so becoming to that type."

"And to Mr. Yates' type, too," laughed Marjorie, but her face was flushed as she slipped the pink kimono around her, over her gray traveling suit, and poured the tea in a Japanese for the crowd, and for Warwick.

The First Bathing Machine.

There does not seem to be much doubt that the first bathing machine was seen at Margate and that it was the invention of a worthy Quaker named Beale, who placed his hopeful invention on the Margate beach in 1750.

The public are obliged to Benjamin Beale, one of the people called Quakers, for the invention, writes the author of "A Short Description of the Isle of Thauet," published in 1796.

But it was the old story, the public became grateful after the inventor had been ruined by his enterprise. His successors had reaped the harvest.

Old Benjamin Beale's widow could remember in her last days the first family that ever resorted to Margate for the purpose of bathing being carried into the sea in a covered cart. In 1803 Beale's machines were one of the institutions of Margate. It was alarmingly claimed for them that "they may be driven to any depth into the sea by careful guides."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

In Place of Tobacco.

Coltsfoot or the leaves of lottuce, being slightly narcotic, would form a harmless make believe for the good folk who persuade themselves that they could not sleep a wink were they deprived of their evening comfort.

Ages ago both Greeks and Romans, according to Dioscorides and Pliny, found comfort in smoking through a reed or pipe the dried leaves of coltsfoot, which relieved them of old coughs and difficult breathing. And as to lottuce, it has been famous since the time of Cicero (Claudius Galenus), who asserts that he found relief from sleeplessness by taking it at night.

THE SPONGE FISHER.

He Must Have Strength, a Quick Eye and a Deft Hand.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge fisher, with his water glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—pokes down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and slinks a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base, and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached.

This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach the sponge without a tear.

Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water glass, as the waves sway it sideways and up and down. The strain on eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, which, first and last, make every sponge fisher a victim of acute rheumatism. Yet, with all his arduous toil, an expert sponge fisher earns not more than £3 a month besides his keep on the boat, which barely deserves the name of existence.—Pearson's Weekly.

A MAGIC MIRROR.

Experiments With the Moon and Stars and a Hand Glass.

A pretty experiment can be made with a hand mirror any night when there is a full moon. Hold the mirror so that the moon's image will be seen in it and you will be surprised to see four moons instead of one. One moon will be very bright, but the other three will be in a straight line and quite dull, one dull image on the side of the bright moon and the other two on the other side. Turn the mirror round slowly, still holding its face to the moon, and the reflections will seem to revolve round a common center.

You can make the same experiment with one of the very bright stars, such as Sirius, Venus or Jupiter, but with these there will be three images instead of four, as the number seen depends on the breadth of the object. The explanation is quite simple. There are two surfaces in a mirror, one in front and the other where the quicksilver is. The brightest reflection comes from the object itself, the others are what are known as secondary images reflected from the front to the back of the mirror and thence to the eye.

The magic mirror never fails to excite a good deal of wonder, and is an interesting experiment as well.—London Chronicle.

Curious Tombstones.

Two curiously inscribed stones by the wayside have been noted by correspondents of the Manchester Guardian. One is about a mile from the village of Hope, in Flintshire, and reads: "Here my God did spare my life. For the tenement was the strife—1777." One would think that the incident the stone commemorates must be well known in the neighborhood, but the correspondent was not successful in finding any one who could tell the story. The other stone is by the side of a lonely road in the neighborhood of Jenkin chapel, and bears the following inscription: "Here John Turner was cast away in a heavy snowstorm in the night on or about the year 1735. The print of a woman's shoe was found by his side in the snow were (sic) he lay dead."

Oldest Ale House in England.

The oldest licensed village ale house in England is claimed to be the George Inn, in North St. Philip. The license dates from 1307. Each story of the picturesque old structure overhangs that beneath. The front is broken by bay windows, a porch and a flight of stone steps leading to a doorway in the wall. At the back are more quaint doors and windows, and a turret built against the wall incloses an outside stair, while in the yard still remains part of the old gallery found in so many hostleries of the middle ages. A curious chimney surmounts each gable.—London Answers.

Childhood's Chosen Colors.

Professor James Sully in his studies of childhood compares the mental processes of white children in civilized lands with those of full grown savages and discovers some remarkable resemblances. Among other things he has ascertained that the favorite colors of the savage, red and yellow, are those which white children first take notice of and of which they remain especially fond during the period of childhood. So, too, the savage adult and the white child find a common pleasure in all bright, shining and glittering things.

Grasshopper Glacier.

One of the small glaciers in Montana is of special interest on account of the fact that in the mass of ice there are imbedded two strata of grasshoppers, each about a foot thick. There are literally tons of grasshoppers in the ice, and the question naturally arises as to where they came from. The most obvious explanation is that centuries ago two enormous swarms in course of migration were caught in a snowstorm, chilled and buried in the snow, where they have remained till now in a perfect state of preservation. In the accounts of the early western explorers a few instances are related of meeting large swarms of locusts on the mountain tops in the Rockies. It is a very fortunate circumstance that the great extension of agriculture in the west has broken up the breeding grounds of these insects.—St. Louis Republic.

Notes and Letters.

Tenor (singing)—"Oh, 'appy, 'appy, 'appy be thy dreams." Professor—Stop! Stop! Why don't you sound the "h"? Tenor—It don't go no higher than "h."—Christian Register.

Jerrold—I can't get any speed out of that motor car you sold me. You told me you had been arrested six times in it. Holart—So I was, old chap. For obstructing the highway.—London Star.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Hooper & Co. In Use For Over 30 Years.

GLEANINGS.

In Sweden cousins may not marry. In Spain no one enters or leaves a railway carriage without bowing politely to the occupants.

The Japanese army gets \$61,500,000 pensions, the navy \$37,500,000 and civilians \$5,000,000. In all \$75,000,000.

In many parts of Switzerland the government buries the dead, supplying coffin and undertaker free of charge.

Big mastiffs help haul the street cars in Cologne. The man pulls between the shafts, and the dog tugs at an auxiliary whiffletree.

Great Britain has a longer seacoast line than any other nation in Europe. It measures over 3,000 miles, Italy coming second with 2,472. Russia ranks third and France fourth.

Rabbit proof wire netting is in extensive demand throughout Australia and will be in heavy demand for years to come. New South Wales alone has erected to date over 40,000 miles of this fencing.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Great ocean currents number twenty-five.

Earthquakes are rather more common at full moon than at any other time.

Four hours' hard thinking exhausts the tissues as much as ten hours of manual labor.

If a well could be dug to the depth of forty-six miles, the air at the bottom would be as dense as quicksilver.

The chief objection to liquid air as a power is that the intense cold renders the metal containers brittle. The only way to obviate this would be to use gold, which cold renders pliable instead of brittle.

OLD TIME MANNERS.

Do not gnaw a bone like a dog or suck the marrow out of a bone. Do not wipe the hands on the clothes or suck them, but use the cloth.

In peeling a pear begin at the stalk, but with an apple begin at the top. Do not eat an apple all alone, but cut it in two and give a neighbor a piece.

Wipe your nose and mouth when you have drunk and do not cough into the cup. From "Book of Manners," printed in 1743.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The court of appeals at Florence has decreed that women who apply for registration shall be enrolled as voters.

There is a strong movement in Hungary for woman suffrage. Francis Kosuth supports it, and more than half of the municipal councilors of Budapest have declared in its favor.

Child Betrothals.

To be an old maid in Greece is to bring everlasting disgrace on the family name, so the children are betrothed in childhood, the mother of the girl looking about immediately after the child's birth for a nice family with a little boy. Seldom are these engagements broken in after life.

The Camel.

A camel can easily carry a weight of 1,000 pounds on its back, about four times as much as a horse can carry. The camel begins work at the age of four and is useful for half a century. The horse, as a rule, is nearly played out at the age of fifteen.

Striking Clocks.

According to historians, the first striking clock was imported into Europe by the Persians about 800 A. D. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdalla, king of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem.

Thick and Thin Skin.

The skin of men and women of some nations, particularly in hot countries, is much thicker than that of others. The central African negro has a skin about half as thick again as that of a European. That of a negro is thickest over the head and back, presumably to form a protection from the sun.

Playbills.

The first playbill was issued from Drury Lane theater, London, on April 8, 1663.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

The current of electricity needed for working a telegraph is enormously greater than that required for the telephone.

The first direct current Edison dynamo operated in the United States was started by Thomas A. Edison at Sunbury July 4, 1883. The central station at Sunbury was the only one Mr. Edison ever put in operation.

Electricity is a form of force interconvertible with heat, light and motion. That is about all anybody knows about it, though much has been learned about the laws of its action and the practical uses to which it can be put.

FALL RIVER LINE

For New York, the South and West.

Steamers Priscilla and Puritan

In commission.

A FINE ORCHESTRA ON EACH. LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days and Sundays, at 9:15 p. m. Returning from New York Steamers leave Pier 10, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, at 9:30 p. m., due at Newport at 3:15 a. m., leaving there at 3:45 a. m., for Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York & Boston Despatch, Express Office, 37 Thomas Street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent, O. H. TAYLOR, General Passenger Agent, N. Y. C. O. NICKERSON, Sup't., New York, C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

The New England Navigation Co.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after Oct. 7, 1906, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6:50, 8:10, 9:00, 11:04 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:04 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 3:

The Emancipation of Milda.

Her real name was such a pretty one it seemed a shame to corrupt it into anything else. But Milda she was called, though the entry in the baptismal register of the little country church where her mother had been married read Millicent Milda. Quite early in life the nickname had been bestowed upon her, while yet she was displaying a pair of chubby legs beneath her short skirts and her golden hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders. As she grew older the name stuck, as names will.

Milda's mother was a widow whose husband had died in absolute poverty, and the little servant they kept had too much sweeping and cleaning to do ever to turn her hand to needle and thread. So Milda darned, mended, helped in the work of the little house, and grew into as lovely a maiden as Burne-Jones has ever portrayed, with velvety brown eyes encroaching on hazel, a wide, low brow, over which her hair waved naturally and intimately, and a pair of eternally tipsy.

From year to year she grew in beauty, yet at twenty Milda Forde was still awaiting her emancipation.

"But every day has his day!" she sighed to her mirror one cold afternoon in January. It was Twelfth Night, and she had been asked to a party next door, at which each guest was to appear in fancy dress. "I wait long enough—my day in caps, false teeth and a bath-chair!"

Her dress for the party must be inexpensive, and she had chosen to impersonate the ever-green Cinderella; but even that necessitated stitching, so she took out cotton and began to sew.

The people next door had come down in the world. With a long family and a short purse, it is possible to have fun, but it must be of an inexpensive kind. When Milda and her two brothers arrived there were other guests in various costumes. Rosalind was arm in arm with William Rufus; Amy Robsart took Friar Tuck under her protection; while a clown in calico had decoyed a slim, white-robed Elsie into a corner, whence they emerged under pressure when supper was announced.

Cinderella was dancing with the youngest son of the house, when her lostness touched her arm. "Milda," she said, "is your card full, dear? Or may I introduce you to the son of a very old friend, Mr. Humphrey Carrington?"

Milda stopped.

"My card isn't quite full," she answered, smiling.

And the introduction was effected forthwith.

Young Jack Stone frowned at his mother.

"We are going on again if you don't mind. This is my dance, mother," he said, with all the eagerness of a youth of sixteen. And he swept his partner away without waiting to hear more.

It was not till supper was a thing of the past, and after the clock had struck eleven, that Milda found herself whirling round the room with the best waltz Providence had ever seen fit to send her. Humphrey Carrington could dance; and Milda forgot the grudge of her ordinary everyday life, the dull monotony of mending, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the present. Yesterday was yesterday; tomorrow would be tomorrow, and could take thought for itself, in all its completeness; but today—tonight—was her own—the privilege of her youth.

Cinderella had met the Prince, and the Prince to all appearances had met Cinderella. Mrs. Stone had merely said, "A young friend, Miss Forde, from next door?" She had also called her Milda in his hearing—a most uncommon name, certainly.

Where there's a will, man will find out a way; and Carrington determined to learn all there was to learn about her.

"My name?" she repeated, as he found her seat in an apparently "undiscovered" room. "Oh, it's Milda—at least that's a corruption of Millicent Milda! The boys began it."

"The boys are evidently of a discerning and artistic character," Carrington replied, laughing, as he waved her fan to and fro. "It's a very pretty nickname!"

Milda opened her hazel eyes wide.

"It had not occurred to me to think about it in that light," she answered, simply. "But I suppose it is nicer than Millicent, which seems dollyish; and Milda, which sounds too clever for me."

A little sigh escaped her lips, and her companion looked at her quizzically.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," he began, but she held up her hand.

"Don't," she pleaded; "it's so back-neyed; and such an excuse for laziness at lessons." Carrington laughed.

"At any rate, it shows what a power for good or ill the tongue—"

"The pen," corrected Milda, with a merry glance. "I doubt if Kingley ever said it to any one, though he wrote it."

"The pen!" Carrington nodded. "Yes, of course; he was before the days of universal typewriters. Haven't we wandered a little on to a dry subject? Let us get more—personal. Do you think your people would have any objection if I were to call?"

Something in his eyes sent the color to Milda's cheeks—or was it something in his voice? But her confusion was only momentary.

"I expect mother would be glad to see you," she returned, gently. "We live next door on the right, No. 10. But, Mr. Carrington, there will be nothing to do. We never entertain."

"You do nothing all day," he suggested with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Nothing?" Milda repeated, quickly. "Oh, I darn stockings all day and every day. I help our little servant!"

"You are, in fact, a veritable Cinderella!" he said sympathetically. "Never mind; some day the prince will come and you will be waited away. You will be emancipated, little Milda!"

Carrington bent forward. Love at first sight had enveloped him as with a mantle; this little Cinderella had crept into his heart. What would he not give to be her prince—her emancipator?

"You want to be emancipated," he went on. "I will show you the way—I will emancipate you! Milda! Little Milda—marry me!"

"How dare you!" she cried, and she looked prettier than ever in her passionate wrath. "Mr. Carrington, how dare you!" And without waiting for the astonished man to reply she escaped from the room.

A clock in the distance struck twelve, the hour for flight. Of course, she had left the house. She would not have been Cinderella if she had stayed.

But in spite of all, Humphrey Carrington made up his mind to call at No. 10 the very next day.

"Yes, of course, Miss Forde, you are

to come to the picnic with us. You will enjoy it. We're going to have great fun. Mother told you our cousins were coming to meet us."

It was eighteen months later. In the interval many things had happened. First of all, Humphrey Carrington had called upon Mrs. Forde, as he had arranged; but the visit was not altogether a success, and he had been obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing Milda again, for she had steadily refused to be present at the interview.

Then, only a short six weeks afterwards, Mrs. Forde had fallen ill of pneumonia and died, and Milda went from one misadventure to another. Her brothers were placed through the kind offices of friends, and a situation as companion to a blind girl had been procured for Milda. The ensuing months had passed slowly, and now the girl found herself revelling in summer and sunshine and the delights that seaside and country afford in June and July.

Mrs. Marshall lived at a small seaside place with her blind daughter, and during the summer their relatives often came down and took rooms not far off. Her sister's family were down now, and a picnic was in prospect.

Milda's heart sang in unison with all things young and beautiful as they drove to the desired haven. Mrs. Marshall was exceedingly kind to her daughter's pretty companion, and was glad to see her appreciation of simple pleasures.

"Aunt Tommy and the twins and Fred and Edgar are to be there, and they are bringing an old friend who has come down from Saturday to Monday for some fishing," Mrs. Marshall explained to her daughter Ethel, a girl of seventeen. "I forgot his name!"

"How dull, dear!" the blind girl answered, patting her mother's shoulder; "the man without a name! How flattered he would feel!"

"Aunt Tommy did tell me," Mrs. Marshall said, apologetically, "but I can't remember it. Never mind! Here we are!"

Milda sprang from the carriage and had helped the two ladies to get down, when a voice at her elbow caused her to start.

"Miss Forde—you!"

The girl turned round.

There stood Humphrey Carrington with his hand outstretched, and the sight of him brought back to her mind a dimly lit room—a fancy dress dance—the months that had gone since it had all happened.

She laid her little hand in his palm.

"I never thought it would be you," she said. "Mrs. Marshall said that Mrs. Hext was bringing a friend to the picnic, but she could not remember his name!"

"Do you remember it?" he asked. And somehow it seemed to Milda as though the intervening months rolled back, and left them standing as they had done that evening long ago.

"I ought to," she answered. Then it struck her that they were somehow separated from their companions, and she hastened her steps.

But Carrington was as cool, as determined, as ever.

"Why such haste?" he asked calmly. "I promised Mrs. Hext to look after Miss Marshall's companion, little dreaming it would be you! Ah, Milda, don't turn away! How can you be unkind when the sun is shining, and the heather is blooming, and the gorse fills the air with such seductive fragrance? I think you've even grown a little thinner since I saw you! Ah, that's right. I did see something more than the back of your ear then!"

He laughed at the embarrassed color which flooded her cheeks.

"I never took your 'No,'" he reminded her, quizzically.

"I never said it!" Milda flashed at him bravely.

"That is promising. Don't please hurry so. I am growing old and fat; the tea, I know, won't be for another half hour at least. Ethel is being looked after by her cousins; the twins have gone off together; Mrs. Tommy and Mrs. Marshall are deep in the latest bit of gossip. Only I am left—unaccompanied. Take pity on me, Milda, take pity!"

"I think—" she began, relenting, and slowing down her steps.

"I know it's your duty," he assured her, triumphantly. "There is more in my request than meets the eye. You've tried being companion to a girl, Milda. Won't you try the other thing?"

"The other thing?" Milda frowned a little at him, and he laughed at her softly as he caught her hand.

"I mean being a companion to a man! You are the only girl I have ever thought of in that way, the only one I ever think of. Won't you let me emancipate you? I have loved you ever since I was first introduced to you. I wouldn't have dared to propose to you, of course, if I hadn't—"

"You didn't say so," returned Milda, shaking her head.

"You didn't give me the chance!" he reminded her, wickedly.

There was a pause, during which Milda made no attempt to withdraw her hand.

"Well," said Carrington at length. "I think it must be nearly tea time. Will you marry me, Milda?"

She still looked doubtfully at him.

"It seems like refusing you when I had a home, and accepting you when I hadn't," she demurred.

"I returned, joyfully, 'as long as you take pity on me. And if I don't mind, why should anybody else? Come—be or not to be? Milda, do you love me?'"

He leaned forward and raised her chin with his hand until her eyes met his. Then he laid his lips to hers.

"I believe you do!" he said solemnly. And she did not contradict him.

Milda was emancipated!—Modern Society.

A Watery Prospect.

The fashionable girl had accepted him and the young man was wondering how far his \$30 a week would go.

"You must remember that life is not all golf and tennis," murmured he, all gold and tennis, "it isn't," she responded brightly. "There's boating and coaching and bridge and over so many things."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Believed Them Both.

"You haven't any confidence in either candidate?" "On the contrary I have confidence in both. I believe all the bad things they say about each other is absolutely true."

"How's your wife?" "She's having constant trouble with her head."

"Can't the doctor help her?" "No, nobody but the milliner."

CASORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Charles H. Pott

Jinks—Who is that debater who is so ably taking the negative of the question?

Jinks—Oh, that's Snapsen, the photographer. He never takes anything else.—Pacific Monthly.

Innocent Man Hanged.

(From the Kansas City Star.)

"One of the strangest cases of erroneous conviction of which I ever knew," said the old lawyer, "was that of Jonathan Bradford, who was hanged in Oxford, England, for the murder of Christopher Hayes. Bradford was an inn-keeper and a very respectable man, too. One evening Hayes, who was traveling toward London, stopped at his inn and while in conversation with two men at supper, mentioned to them that he had upon his person a large sum of money."

"Late that night, after every one in the inn had retired, the two men heard groans from an adjoining room, as of one dying in pain. They both arose, lighted a candle and went softly to the door of the next room. There was a light in the room and the door was ajar. They entered and saw upon a bed, weltering in his blood, the body of a man. Another man stood over him with a knife in one hand and a dark lantern in the other. The man seemed as terrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the indications of guilt."

"The two men soon discovered that the murdered person was Christopher Hayes, with whom they had talked at the supper table the night before, and the man standing over him was Bradford, the landlord. They seized Bradford, at once and disarmed him of his knife, which was covered with blood. Bradford assumed an air of innocence, positively denied the crime and asserted that he too, had heard the groans and got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence and had but that minute entered the room before them."

"This sort of a defence was of no avail. It was proved at the trial that Bradford had heard Hayes tell about having a large amount of money with him. It was proved that Bradford's knife exactly fitted the wound in the breast of Hayes, the knife and the right hand of Bradford were bloody, and with such apparent evidences of guilt the jury convicted him, and the Judge, in sentencing him to death, said:

"Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

Bradford was hanged shortly afterwards, protesting upon the scaffold that he was innocent, but he died disheveled by all.

"But Bradford was innocent after all. The murder was actually done by the footman of Mrs. Hayes, who immediately upon stabbing his master rifled his pockets of his money and gold watch and escaped back to his own room just before Bradford entered. Eighteen months after Bradford was hanged the footman became very ill and upon his deathbed confessed the murder and gave to the officers of the law the watch and a part of the money he had stolen from his master."

"But the strangest part of the strange case has yet to be told. Bradford, though innocent of the murder, and in no way connected with it, was nevertheless, a murderer at heart. He had heard Mr. Hayes say at supper that he had a large sum of money with him, and he went to his bedroom with the dark lantern and knife intending to kill and rob him. But when he reached there he was struck with amazement, when he turned back the bedclothes, to find the man already stabbed bleeding and dying."

"In his agonizing throes he dropped his knife upon the breast of the murdered man, and thus the knife became bloody, and in picking it up his hand was covered with blood, too. At this moment the two men entered and caught him."

"These circumstances Bradford confessed to the clergyman who attended him after his conviction, and the clergyman afterward made them public."

Objected to Flowery Talk.

The poetic girl and her brother were spending a holiday at the seaside.

"Oh, see that!" exclaimed the girl in a sudden burst of rapture.

"See what?" inquired the matter-of-fact youth.

"Why see that little cloudlet, just above the wavelet, and so like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene."

"Oh, come," said the brother, not having a taste for such flowery language, "you had better go out to the pumpkin in the yardlet and soak your little headlet."—Chums.

Not a Fair Deal.

Two boys who managed to be rather unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she requested them to remain after hours and write their names one thousand times. They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began watching his companion in disgrace.

Suddenly the first one burst out with despair between his sobs and said to the teacher, "I faint fair mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schluttermeyer."—Ladies' Home Journal.

In the University of Maine the students of public speaking recite in chapel every morning. Commencement week this spring, a senior whose relatives had gone to Orono for commencement, was chosen to give a selection from Scott. He studied it faithfully until he thought he knew it, and on the eventful morning he kept repeating: "So long as the hunter's horn resounds."

When he had reached the front of the pulpit he got his position and started out: "So long!" He had forgotten what came next, but braced up, and with a heroic effort, again said: "So long!" But the rest of the poem would not come to him, so, with more presence of mind than he had exhibited before he slowly waved one hand and bowing himself off the platform, said: "Well, then, so long."

"Say you; what is your claim to admittance?" St. Paul demanded.

"Well," the Rhade replied, diffidently, "once my new derby had blew off!"

"And I had to chase it a block!"

"Go on."

"And I didn't say anything."

"You come in," St. Peter said, cordially, unbarring the storm door, and the tinner gave. "Any particular key you would like to have your harp?"—Puck.

A Matter of Spelling.—A trolley collided with a milk wagon and sent the milk splashing on the pavements. Soon a crowd gathered. "Goodness!" exclaimed a man. "What an awful waste!"

A very stout lady turned and glared at him. "Just mind your own business," she snapped.—Lippincott's.

Binks—Who is that debater who is so ably taking the negative of the question?

Jinks—Oh, that's Snapsen, the photographer. He never takes anything else.—Pacific Monthly.

Lincoln's Self-Control.

The keynote of the President's young life had been persevering industry. That of his mature years was self-control and generous forgiveness. And surely his remark on the night of his second election for President, that he did not think resentment "paid," and that no man had time to spend half his life in quarrels, was well borne out by the fruit of his actions. It was this spirit alone which made possible much that he was able to accomplish. His rule of conduct toward all men was summed up in a letter of reprimand that it became his duty, while he was President, to send to one young officer accused of quarreling with another. It deserves to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every school and college throughout the land.

The advice of a father to his son, "be aware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee," is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiation of his temper, and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones than though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure a bite.

It was this willingness of his to give up the "lesser things," and even the things to which he would claim an equal right, which kept peace in his cabinet, made up of men of strong wills and conflicting natures. Their devotion to the Union, great as it was, would not have sufficed in such a strangely assorted official family; but his unflinching kindness and good sense led him to overlook many things that another man might have regarded as deliberate insults; while his great tact and knowledge of human nature enabled him to bring out the best in people about him, and at times to turn their very weakness into sources of strength. It made it possible for him to keep the regard of every one of them. Before he had been in office a month it had transformed Secretary Seward from his rival into his lasting friend. It made a warm friend out of the blunt, positive, but-tempered Edwin M. Stanton, who became Secretary of War in place of Mr. Cameron. He was a man of strong will and great endurance, and gave his department a record for hard and effective work that it would be difficult to equal. Many stories are told of the disrespect he showed the President, and the cross purpose at which they labored. The truth is, that they understood each other perfectly on all important matters, and worked together through three busy trying years with ever increasing affection and regard.

The President's kindly humor forgave his Secretary many blunt speeches. "Stanton says I am a fool!" he is reported to have asked a busybody who came fleet footed to tell him of the Secretary's hasty comment on an order of little moment. "Stanton says I am a fool?" Well, "with a whimsical glance at his informant," "then I suppose I must be. Stanton is nearly always right." It made little difference to his chief what he might say in the heat of momentary annoyance.—Helen Nicolay, in St. Nicholas.

His Birthday.—He was a sad looking stranger, and as he leaned against a lamp post he said to a policeman:

"It is strange how unlucky some days are."

"It is curious. Anything had happened to you today?" asked the policeman.

"Well," replied the stranger, "it started with my finding my watch stopped; then my razor slipped, and my chin—well, just look at it; then at breakfast, my son spilled hot milk down my sleeve, after that, as I was rushing up the steps to the station, a fellow trod on my umbrella and broke the top off, and I lost my train through talking to him and so."

But here a water cart came quickly around the corner, and drenched the stranger from the knee downward. He gazed around him with a sickly smile, and remarked:

"There! Why did I tell you? I don't care a straw about what has happened up to now. What worries me is, what on earth will happen next?"—Answers.

Mistress: "Mercy on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a marine store dealer's, and—why, it will take you a week to get things cleaned up. What have you been doing?"

Servant: "Sure, mum, the young ladies have just been down here showing me how they bake a potato at the cooking school."

A person of little tact once remarked to the octogenarian Auber: "What a sad thing it is, this old age business!"

"Yes," agreed the old magician, "it is sad. But," he added, with witty philosophy, "up to the present time no cures have been discovered to live a long time."

The Boston youth is really not such a pedant as the jokers try to make us believe. Witness the following:

Teacher—Now, Waldo, what do you understand by the "happy Isles of Greece?"

Waldo—They are little pieces of pork entirely surrounded by beans.—Boston Transcript.

"Why do you look so pleased over the mere making out of a list of those you are going to invite to your reception?"

"You're mistaken. This is a list of those I'm not going to invite!"—Stray Stories.

Scott (with newspaper)—Did you ever notice that many of our worst criminals today are scarcely more than children?

Mott—It's always so. The greatest pirate that ever lived was only a Kidd.—Boston Transcript.

The Newest Boarder (sarcastically)—How am I to distinguish the milk from the cream, Mrs. Skinner?

Mrs. Skinner (of Sylvanvale Farm)—You'll allus find the milk in that there pitcher with the chip off'n its snout.—Puck.

Her face fell, suddenly, and she gave an exclamation of annoyance.

But it was too late to repent.

Her whole body accompanied her face. She had stepped on a banana peel.—Cleveland Leader.

The Youth—Why is it that so many marriages are unhappy?

The Sage—Because there are so many marriages.—Smart Set.

CASORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Charles H. Pott

Little Alice.—I'll let you kiss me if you won't tell anybody.

Little Willie.—I promise not to tell it, but I won't promise not to repeat it.—Boston Transcript.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It cures colic, wind, flatulence, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Write and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Women's Dep't.

The Conference of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance.

At Copenhagen August 7th to 15th, 1906.

A report of this great meeting would fill volumes, therefore I prefer to give our readers simply the most impressive features of the occasion.

The Alliance, formed at Washington, D. C., in 1902, as an International Committee, secured at Berlin, in 1904, the admission of eight countries. These were Germany, Great Britain, Sweden, The Netherlands, the United States, Norway and Denmark. To these have been added within the last two years national associations in Australia, Canada, Russia, Hungary and Italy. The two last mentioned have been formed very lately and became members of the Alliance at the Copenhagen Conference.

In addition to fifty-six accredited delegates from these twelve national associations in membership (out of a possible seventy-two, each country being invited to send six) and thirty-four alternates, there were in attendance fraternal delegates from the International Council of Women from France, Norway and Sweden; from the National Council of Women in Denmark; from the Danish Woman's Association; from the two largest associations of women in Finland; the League for Women's Equality of Georgia (in the Caucasus, Russia); the Women's Social and Political Union of England; and from the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, and from a White Ribbon Society in Finland. As women already have the suffrage in Iceland there is no association, but Mrs. Briet Amundson, the editor of a newspaper for women, made the long voyage to be present and speak at our conference.

Very American women have the idea, very generally, that we are the most advanced women in the world, perhaps excepting the women of Australia and New Zealand. We are among those who need the most to attend such conferences as that at Copenhagen, in order to learn how much in advance of us along political lines and in many social matters, are the women of Europe. The reports given there showed good honest work done for our cause and, what is more, they showed results of which we would be very proud here in America.

As the country in which the organized movement for the enfranchisement of women originated, the European women look eagerly to us as leaders in the movement, but we have much to learn from them. We need the encouragement of their victories quite as much as they need to know our methods of work and of organization; they, even more, for in two countries, Holland and Sweden, they have national women's suffrage societies which, as working bodies, reaching all parts of the country and considered in proportion to the population of their respective nations, are far in advance of our own association.

I doubt whether there is a city in the United States in which, as in Copenhagen, a conference of woman suffragists would be received at the city hall, welcomed to addresses by prominent members of the city council openly advocating the ballot for women, and entertained right royally with refreshments prepared at the expense of the city and, in compliment to the guests, by two women caterers.

Woman's Influence in Australia and New Zealand.

I am convinced that the conspicuous purity of politics in New Zealand, as in Australia, is due very largely to the participation of women and the superior dignity and restraint that mark political discussion in both countries is due, in my judgment, solely to the same influence. Political campaigning in New Zealand used to be exceedingly rough and rowdy. It is now more intellectual and decent than anything we know. A New Zealand politician said to me: "You see you have to be very careful what you say since the women have come in to vote. They will not stand for any rough tactics or abuse or extravagance. You must be pretty sure of what you say when they are in the meeting."

The practical experience of the women of New Zealand utterly destroys all the arguments against woman suffrage that I have ever heard. The per cent. of women that vote is nearly as large as the percentage of men, and no disaster has befallen the New Zealand home in consequence. The New Zealand homes are just as good as any other homes, just as home-like and with just as good cooking and housecleaning and maid-minding and all the rest of it. I know, because I have specially investigated this sort of thing. The New Zealand women are just as womanly as any other women in the world, just as gentle, refined and gracious.

To go about in one of the truly democratic countries and come home to contemplate the fact that in the United States we still cling to the mediocrity of the political inferiority of women is calculated to give one great weariness. We are slower than divine wrath. I have photographs that I took of women entering polling places in Sydney. Nice women, good women, as there are in the world, and they were not contaminated, nor degraded, nor conspicuous nor any other of the dreadful things that are said of women at the polls. If we could manifest a little animation about the antique injustice that we still do to woman perhaps we should in time get tired of being ruled and robbed by pirates, thieves, bosses, hoodlums, millionaires, swindlers, poisoners, pickpockets, railroad Senators and other criminals. But so long as we keep out of the suffrage the element that would purify it I don't know but we get what we deserve.—Charles Edward Russell.

Little Alice.—I'll let you kiss me if you won't tell anybody.

Little Willie.—I promise not to tell it, but I won't promise not to repeat it.—Boston Transcript.

For Over Sixty Years

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank envelopes and accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Miss M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Robert Feake (Feke) married second Sarah, an administration on his estate was given his widow Sarah, June 19, 1668.

Children of Benjamin Field who married Hannah Bowe, and Elizabeth Feake, and Sarah Taylor were: Benjamin, John, Anthony, Joseph, Robert and Hannah b. July 20, 1700, who m. Mch. 9, 1721 Thomas Haviland.

Of these children, Anthony Field, b. in Flushing, N. Y., moved to Harrison's Purchase, Westchester Co., N. Y., and from there moved to Yorktown, same county, N. Y., and died Sept. 2, 1778. He married Aug. 12, 1780, Hannah (Burling), dau. of William Burling of Flushing, N. Y., and of their children was: John Field, b. in Westchester Co., N. Y., b. 1781, m. at Jamestown, Rhode Island, Lydia (Hazard), dau. of William Hazard of Jamestown, R. I., their marriage on records of Friends of Newport, R. I.

John Field's and Lydia (Hazard) children were: Hazard Field, John Field, Josiah Field, Daniel Field, Birdwell Field, Seaman Field, Abigail Field, James Field, Sarah Field, William Burling Field, Moses Field, Abigail Field, Phoebe Field.

The father of Benjamin Field, above said, was Anthony Field bapt. at Halifax, Mch. 9, 1696, with his brothers Robert and Benjamin. Anthony was in Rhode Island in 1638, he married Susanna— and in 1653, his father, Robert Field, of Beyside, Flushing, N. Y., gave Anthony, by deed, a homestead, where Anthony remained until his death in or before 1681. Anthony's brother Benjamin Field was made Deacon, by Gov. Nichols, April 22, 1665. Their father, by Robert Field, came in 1680, with his relatives and neighbors, Mitchell and Saltonstall, with their minister, Rev. Mr. Denton. Robert Field and John Hicks in list of Newport, R. I., inhabitants, admitted since 20, Jan. 1688, and Oct. 1645, Robert Field, Patience of Flushing, N. Y., he m. (1) Ruth Fairbank of Hippobolme, at Halifax, Nov. 23, 1624; and (2) at Bradford Eng., Mar. 15, 1630, Elizabeth Taylor; m. (3) Charity, who was living in 1673 and widow.

This Robert Field had a sister Jane Field, bapt. at Halifax, England, Nov. 23, 1635, who m. John Mitchell, of Thoroton, Eng., and m. at Halifax, June 10, 1622. The Mitchells, a family of good standing between three "collops argu't" were painted on roof of Halifax church.

Sir Richard Saltonstall and Robert Field were neighbors and connections, as Sir Richard's first wife was Grace Kay, of an ancient Yorkshire family, who claim descent from the King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, while Rosemond, daughter of William Field married Geoffrey Kay, and those of the name of Mitchell and of Kay again become marriage connections of those in the record.

The three brothers William, Robert and John Field early in Rhode Island, as William Field signed a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts concerning Samuel Gorton, dated at Providence, R. I.

Robert and Jane Field and seven other children had William Field of Soverby Parish of Halifax in 1591 for their father, who married June 1, 1591 Susan, daughter of John Midgley of New Oram, Halifax; William Field made his will Nov. 10, 1619, he son of William Field of Great Horton, Parish of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, who married Janet, she buried in Bradford church, Yorkshire, Eng. June 14, 1612 and he buried there May 23, 1609. This last William Field son of John Field of Horton, Shipley, North Oram in West Riding of Yorkshire, England.

The above said brothers Anthony and Robert Field, each with a wife named Susanna, each had a son Benjamin, cousin, and Anthony's son Benjamin had son John, who m. Elizabeth Woolley, as has been given, and Robert's son Benjamin Field m. Elizabeth (Allen) dau. of Jedediah, Ralph, George, they had in MERCURY, issue of July 2, 1804. They had a son Robert Field b. Jan. 6, 1694, second cousin to John Field who m. Elizabeth Woolley. Benjamin and Experience married May 20, 1692, he born at Newtown L. I., went to Shrewsbury and in 1660 to Chesterfield, settled near present Hordentown, but his first child Robert Field was born at Flushing, N. Y., June 6, 1694, and in 1721, Mary (Taylor), born Mch. 31, 1700 daughter of Samuel and Susanna (Taylor), Dec. 18, 1721, Nathan Allen (brother of Experience) of Monmouth Co., Gent, for 600 pounds, conveys to Robert Field of Burlington, cooper, a certain plantation in Burlington, which now is Fieldsboro, New Jersey. The other children of Benjamin and Experience (Allen) made May 18, 1702, of Burlington, N. J., wife Experience sole executrix; James children Robert, Benjamin, Susanna, Elizabeth, and an expected child; mentions his mother Susanna Field, mentions the 800 acres in Burlington Co., adjoining John Adams, and 2400 acres above the Falls of Delaware, and 200 acres of a farm sold to brother Ambrose Field and reserved.

Witnesses—Samuel Jennings, Edward Hunlocke, Ann Jennings, Mary Wheat. Proved and letters testamentary granted Nathan Allen, trustee and executor of Experience Field, for Experience made her will May 80, 1702 mentions the same children; gives a legacy to Joseph, son of Isaac and Susanna (Field), Marriot of Burlington. Executors—brother Nathan Allen and brother-in-law Isaac Marriot; Edward Rockhill to take place of executor, if

one of these named should die. Father Jedediah Allen is requested to cast a fatherly eye upon the children. Witnesses—Henry Grubb, Samuel Furness, Samuel Jennings. Proved Dec. 17, 1704 or Jan. 17, 1704. Amount of the two testators amounted to 2250 pounds. Her father Jedediah Allen made his will Sept. 15, 1711; proved Feb. 6, following. Susanna (Field) Marriot given in MERCURY issue of April 14, 1696 Edward Rockhill named as executor for Experience Allen if the others should die, owned in 1694 one hundred acres next to Benjamin Field in Chesterfield Township, and Edward Rockhill and John Abbott and others had six acres deeded them by Samuel and John Banting for a Meeting House in trust for the People of God called Quakers, belonging unto ye monthly meeting of friends commonly held at Chesterfield falls. (To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6171. COOKE—John Cooke, b. Oct. 1744, d. Newport, Dec. 17, 1812, m. Sarah Gray. No male descendants of the name. Children:

1. Rhoda Cooke, b. Tiverton, Aug. 19, 1768, m. Elisha Brown, of Tiverton. Would like to know names of children.

2. Sarah Cooke, b. Tiverton, Oct. 19, 1768, m. Judge Saml. Fales, of Taunton. Would like list of children.

3. Phoebe, b. May 4, 1773, m. Andrew McCorrie, of Portsmouth. Children?

4. Patience, b. June 10th, 1777, m. (1) Major Nathaniel Briggs of Tiverton; m. (2) David Durfee of Tiverton, Oct. 1, 1807. Would like list of children.

5. John, b. June 17, 1779, m. Phoebe Greene. Children wanted.

6. Pricilla, b. June 1, 1782, m. Perry G. Arnold of East Greenwich. Children wanted.

7. Samuel, b. Oct. 12, 1786, m. a daughter of Judge Padelford, of Taunton. What was her name? Had they children?—G. P.

6172. FALES—Sarah Fales, m. Nathaniel Hazard. Children: 1. Samuel Fales Hazard, m. Martha DeWolfe, of Charles, of Newport, Aug. 10, 1841. He was in U. S. Navy, d. Jan. 15, 1867. Issue:

2. George Hazard, d. unmarried.

3. William Hazard, m. Naylor of Missouri, d. about 1879.

4. Sarah Hazard, m. Charles de Wolfe, son of Charles.

5. Jane Hazard, m. David Bugbee, of Bangor.

Would like names of children, with dates.—M. N. L.

6173. TRIPP—John Tripp, of Portsmouth, R. I., was admitted an inhabitant of the island of Aquidneck, 1658. Mar. 31, 1648, granted 8 acres of land in Portsmouth. He was Deputy, 1648-54; 55-58-61-62-63-64-67-68-69-72; commissioner, 1655; freeman, 1655; Assistant, 1670-73-74-75. Will dated Dec. 4, 1677, proved Oct. 28, 1678. Executrix, wife Mary; son John, son Peleg, sons Able, Joseph, James; daughter Martha; granddaughter Elizabeth Wodell. John Tripp was born 1610, died 1678, married Mary Paine, dau. of Anthony. His son:

1. John Tripp, b. about 1640, died Nov. 20, 1719, married Sept. 7, 1655, Susanna Anthony, of John and Susanna. Will dated Sept. 7, 1710, proved Dec. 14, 1719. Ex. son John; wife Susanna; sons Lot, Benjamin, Othuel; daughter Susanna into a "Bodie polittike." He died about 1744; his wife was born 1617, died Feb. 17, 1696. His son:

1. Ichabod Potter, of Portsmouth, R. I., died 1676, married Martha Hazard, of Thomas and Martha. She married second, Benjamin Mowry. Mar. 22, 1661. Ichabod Potter signed certain articles relating to lands in Westerly. Land of Ichabod Potter, deceased, is referred to in deed dated Dec. 31, 1653, from Daniel and Mary Grinnell to Henry Brightman, of Portsmouth, R. I. His son:

1. Thomas Potter, of South Kings-town, R. I., died 1725, married for his first wife, Jan. 20, 1687, Susanna Tripp, of John and Susanna (Anthony) Tripp. Will dated June 8, 1727, proved June 8, 1728. Executor son Thomas; wife Lydia; daughter Susan Sheldon; daughter Sarah Earle; daughter Martha Potter; sons Ichabod, Nathaniel, John, Benjamin, Joseph; granddaughter Mary Sherman. His daughter:

1. Susannah Potter, born June 28, 1688, married Isaac Sheldon, of South Kings-town. Would like list of Sheldon children.—F. C.

6174. In 1822, July 8, Theodore Foster wrote William R. Staples as follows: Benedict Arnold, William Brenton and William Coddington, three Governors under the Charter, were able, industrious men and did much to preserve material for Rhode Island history. Benedict Arnold settled first at Pawtuxet, afterwards removed to Newport and became Governor of the Colony so named in the Charter of Charles II, and wrote out with his own hand a large folio volume containing Memorials of the Arnold Family for several hundreds of years, of their removal to this country and final settlement in this State. I was informed by Josiah Arnold, one of his descendants, who owned a large estate on Conanicut Island, adjacent to Newport, and who was in nomination for Governor in the time of the Revolution, that he had seen this folio volume with many valuable original documents in manuscript in the possession of Edward Arnold, formerly of Pawtuxet, who many years since removed with his family to the State of New York and carried with him all this valuable material.

Any information in regard to the above folio volume will be gratefully received by the undersigned.

JAMES N. ARNOLD, Box 114, Providence, R. I.

Portsmouth

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS—There was a largely attended caucus of the Republican party at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening. There was no opposition to any of the nominations and everything went through harmoniously. John B. Cornell was elected chairman and William B. Anthony secretary. The result of the caucus was as follows: Delegates to the State and First Congressional Conventions—James P. Sherman, Earl H. Peckham, Albert W. Lawrence, William F. Howle, John M. Eldredge. Treasurer—Henry Anthony. Town Clerk—W. H. Brayton. Town Committee—Warren R. Sherman, president; John I. Tallman, Charles G. Thomas, Robert H. Manchester, Benjamin S. Anthony. Assessors—John T. Gardner, Isaac Chase, Arthur L. Burden, Bradford Norman, Thomas J. Sweet, Benjamin Tallman, John B. Albro. School Committee—H. Paul Anthony, H. Frank Anthony, Frederic A. Coggeshall. Town Sergeant—Owen Rock. Treasurer—Edward R. Anthony. Tax Collector—Nathaniel Anthony. Justices of the Peace—John L. C. Harrington, Isaac Chase. Town Committee—Eldridge I. Modlard, George Sweet, Henry C. Anthony, Arthur L. Burden, Robert H. Manchester.

STRANGE!

That's because you haven't been used to it. Never sounded funny when you heard of it in New York or Boston, you took that for granted—big stores, goods bought in tremendous quantities, etc. Our three stores handle as much as any of them. We pay no more, and it costs us less to sell, that's why.

SOLID OAK CHIFFONIERS

With Large Bevelled French Mirror.

There are just 42 patterns on our floors this morning—a showing you'll not find equaled anywhere. The same basis of value follows throughout the line from lowest to highest priced—will cite this one to illustrate: Large roomy base of selected solid white oak 21 inches deep, very firmly built, drawers are deep and fit; an upright swinging mirror is supported above the whole, standing 6 ft. 2 in. high, the trimmings are all solid cut brass, you'll not find its equal in Newport for less than \$10.

\$8.00

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Chance to Locate Your Business on Thames Street.

Valuable Property. One of the best locations on the street.

Can be purchased or rented.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



Do You Realize

That a telephone in your residence provide a means of rapid transit to every Village, Town and State for hundreds of miles and that you can send a message and receive an answer at once.

Write for our rates.

RESIDENCE RATES ARE LOW.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY.

LOCAL CONTRACT AGENT.

142 SPRING STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Wedding Bells.

Sands-Blight.

Emmanuel Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding Thursday morning, the contracting parties being Miss Evelyn Blight, youngest daughter of Mr. Artherton Blight, and Mr. Mahlon Alanson Sands of London. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion.

To the strains of the Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin," the bridal party proceeded up the aisle, led by the ushers, Messrs. William Spencer, Blair Fairchild, Francis J. Otis and Robert D. Graham, followed by the bridesmaids, Misses Margaret Winthrop, Natica Rives, Julia A. Meyer, and Edith Greenough. Next came the bride resting on the arm of her father, who gave her away. The party was met at the entrance steps by the groom, his best man, Mr. Graham Murray of London, and Rev. Emery H. Porter D. D., who performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a handsome dress of white chiffon, embroidered in silver. Her veil was worn by her mother at her wedding and was of Brussels lace. It was caught up with orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of Kalser roses and jessamine. The bridesmaids wore dresses of turquoise blue panne satin, with blue chiffon and lace bodices. They wore silver picture hats with large plumes of pale blue. Their bouquets were of shell-pink and shaded pink roses.

The ushers were large gardenias. Mr. Sands and the best man wore boutonnières to match the bride's bouquet.

The bride's gifts to the bridesmaids were bar lace pins, with alternating pearls and turquoise, and the groom's gifts to his best man and ushers were link cuff buttons of quartz cat's eyes.

Before, during and after the ceremony Mr. Alfred G. Langley rendered a pleasing programme of music.

A reception followed at "Shady Nook," the home of the bride on Bellevue avenue, which was handsomely decorated.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands left at 1 o'clock for New York on their honeymoon.

Ernest O'Connell.

Miss Hannah Gertrude O'Connell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene S. O'Connell, was married to Gunner Henry Ernest, U. S. N., at St. Joseph's rectory Wednesday evening, Rev. James H. Smith officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by relatives and a few intimate friends. The bride wore a dress of white lace over white silk and a veil caught up with a diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. Her bouquet was of Bride roses and lilies of the valley.

Miss Elizabeth M. O'Connell, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of white crepe de chene, carrying a bouquet of American Beauty roses. Mr. Cornelius Moore performed the duties of best man.

A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, on Calvert street, which was largely attended. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

Gunner and Mrs. Ernest left on the New York boat on their wedding trip

and were given a hearty send-off at the landing. The bride's travelling dress was of gray with hat to match.

Ferrent-Weaver.

Miss Carrie P. Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Weaver, and Mr. Gardner E. Ferrent were married at the home of the groom on Howard street Wednesday evening, Rev. Ernest W. Burch, of the Thames Street M. E. Church, officiating. The bride wore a dress of white and carried a bouquet of white roses. A reception followed. The bride received many useful and pretty gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferrent left on the 9 o'clock train for Boston, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Grand Chapter, O. E. S.

The annual meeting of the Grand Chapter of Rhode Island, Order of the Eastern Star, was held in Masonic Hall, Providence, on Wednesday. There was a large representation present from all parts of the State. The Grand Matron, Mrs. Isabella H. Sanborn, presided. The Aquidneck Chapter of this city was represented by a large delegation. The officers for the ensuing year were elected, and they were installed by the retiring Grand Matron.

Middletown.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS—One of the largest attended caucuses of recent years was held by the Republicans of Middletown on Monday, about seventy being present. All was harmony and a number of men who left the party ranks last year stood up and openly regretted that they had voted against the candidates of the Republicans.

Joel Peckham was elected chairman and James R. Chase secretary. Delegates to the State and Congressional Conventions were chosen as follows: Arthur L. Peckham, Cornelius Sullivan, Isaac N. Dennis, Walter S. Barker, Melville Bull and Edward A. Brown. Charles H. Ward was nominated for Senator and Lionel H. Peabody for Representative. The town committee was elected as follows: Joel Peckham, James R. Chase, Lewis R. Mauchester, Arthur L. Peckham and J. Overton Peckham.

A vote of thanks was extended to Hon. James B. Chase, who has for a number of years represented the town in the State Senate, but who declined a re-nomination this year.

Hon. Melville Bull addressed the caucus, paying a high tribute to Senator Wetmore, who comes up for re-election this winter.

Aquidneck Grange held an interesting meeting Thursday evening at the town hall, the lecturer's hour being devoted to the charter members. A profusion of dahlias added much to the pleasing appearance of the hall and each charter member wore a light blue badge, bearing the words "charter member," and a boutonniere of tuberoses and sweet geraniums. The program included the singing of "Add Lang Syne" and other familiar airs, by a male quartette; the reading of an original poem by Mrs. Walter Brown, composed for the occasion, entitled "Charter Members, the Pioneers," a sketch of the early days of Aquidneck Grange by one of the charter members, and numerous other selections. There was also an initiation in the third and fourth degree to a number of candidates. Ice cream and cake were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ward announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace Channing Ward, to Dr. Joseph Elsie Farnum, of Fall River.

\$9.50.

NEWPORT

TO WASHINGTON, D. C., AND RETURN.

October 25th, tickets will be sold via the Fall River Line from NEWPORT to Washington and return at \$9.50, this being the regular one-way fare. Tickets will be good returning from New York until Friday, November 2d. Passengers will have choice of route: the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD or ROYAL BLUE LINE between New York and Washington, route to be selected when tickets are purchased.

Stop over returning will be allowed at Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York with the limit of tickets, provided they are deposited at the State Ticket Office immediately upon arrival at Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York.

Tickets and staterooms procurable at the Ticket Office, 272 Thames Street, Newport, or at the Purser's Office on Fall River Line Steamer.

The New England Navigation Co.

10-14-2W

FALL RIVER LINE

For New York, the South and West.

Steamers Pricilla and Puritan

In consultation.

A FINE ORCHESTRA ON EACH LEAVE NEWPORT Week days and Sundays, at 9:15 p. m. Returning from New York Steamer leave Pier 10, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, at 5:00 p. m., due at Newport at 3:45 a. m., leaving there at 3:45 a. m., for Fall River.

Port tickets and staterooms apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames Street, J. L. Green, Ticket Agent.

O. H. TAYLOR, General Passenger Agent, N. Y. H. O. NICKERSON, Supt., New York. C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

The New England Navigation Co.

NOTICE

To All Persons Selling Milk, Cream and Skimmed Milk.

All persons engaged in selling the articles above mentioned in glass jars and milk cans are required by law to bring the said bottles and cans to my office and have them sealed as provided by the act passed in amendment to the general laws on April 13th, 1906.

T. W. FREEBORNE,

Sealer of Weights and Measures.

10-14-2W

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

BY VIRTUE OF AND PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER

of the Court of Probate, in and for the

County of Rhode Island, within and for the

City of Newport, on the twenty-third day of

July, A. D. 1906, and returning to the said

Court, October 24th, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment

rendered by said Court on the seventeenth

day of July, A. D. 1906, in favor of

Robert B. Dowling, of the County of

State of New York, plaintiff, and against

Philip Dowling alias John Doe of the City

of Newport, in the County of Newport, de-

fendant, I, the undersigned, Sheriff of the

County of Rhode Island, do hereby order

that the said Philip Dowling, alias John Doe,

do, on or before the 15th day of February, A. D.

1907, pay to the said Robert B. Dowling, the

sum of \$100.00, with interest thereon at the

rate of six per cent per annum, from the date

of the said judgment, until the same is paid,

or, in default of payment, that the said

Philip Dowling, alias John Doe, do, on or before

the 15th day of February, A. D. 1907, convey

to the said Robert B. Dowling, the premises

herein described, situated in said City of

Newport, in said County of Newport, in the

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plan-

tations, and bounded Northerly, partly by

the street of said City of Newport, and partly

by the street of said City of Newport, and

partly by the street of said City of Newport,

and bounded Southerly, by the street of said

City of Newport, and bounded Easterly, by the

street of said City of Newport, and bounded

Westerly, by the street of said City of New-

port, and bounded Northerly, by the street of

said City of Newport, and bounded Southerly,

by the street of said City of Newport, and

bounded Easterly, by the street of said City

of Newport, and bounded Westerly, by the

street of said City of Newport, and bounded

Northerly, by the street of said City of New-

port, and bounded Southerly, by the street

of said City of Newport, and bounded Easterly,

by the street of said City of Newport, and

bounded Westerly, by the street of said City

of Newport, and bounded Northerly, by the

street of said City of Newport, and bounded

Southerly, by the street of said City of New-

port, and bounded Easterly, by the street of

said City of Newport, and bounded Westerly,

by the street of said City of Newport, and

bounded Northerly, by the street of said City

of Newport, and bounded Southerly, by the

street of said City of Newport, and bounded

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Poll Tax Notice.

ALL VOTERS who have not been assessed a tax on either real or personal estate have been assessed a poll tax of \$1.00 and are hereby notified to call at the office of the collector of taxes and pay the same during the month of October.

The office is open daily from 10:30 a. m. to 4:00 p. m., and on Saturday evenings.

In October from 7 to 9 o'clock.